

COLLIER'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



P · F · COLLIER · & · SON



THIS IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEW BUILDING OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY, TO WHICH WE HAVE TRANSFERRED OUR NEW PLANT AND WHERE THE WEEKLY WILL HENCEFORTH BE MADE. HERE WE WILL BE GLAD TO RECEIVE OUR READERS AND ALL OUR FRIENDS, AND WILL DO OUR BEST TO MAKE PLEASANT THEIR VISIT TO WHAT WE THINK IS ONE OF THE LARGEST, MOST MODERN, AND COMPLETE PUBLISHING OUTFITS IN THE WORLD, A CITY BLOCK ON 13th ST., WEST OF 9th AVE.

IN THIS ISSUE OF THE WEEKLY, WE HAVE ENDEAVORED TO CONVEY BY STORY AND PICTURE SOME IDEA OF THE PERFECTION AND IMMENSITY OF OUR NEW PLANT AND OUR NEW BUSINESS HOME

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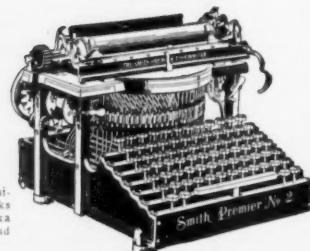
Mr. CHARLES S. GLEAD—Lawyer, Writer, Speaker, President Daily Newspaper Company, Director various banks and many other corporations, including Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe System. He was once stenographer and secretary to a railway official.

"Improvement the order of the age"

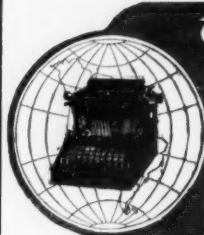
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HOW SHALL WE SOLVE THE CUBAN PROBLEM?
Obviously, the first step toward a solution is a clear statement of the problem. As between the United States and Cuba, which of the two countries must be pronounced a debtor to the other when we consider the history of the last four years? We gave Cuba what she professed to desire, her independence, at the cost of many American lives, lost in disease-stricken camps, or in the lines before Santiago; and at the cost, also, of several hundreds of millions of dollars, the war taxes having imposed on us a burden of about one hundred millions during the last year alone. If we had obtained no territorial indemnity from Spain, and if we had given Cuba unconditional independence when Havana was evacuated in January, 1899, there is no doubt that the indebtedness would have been wholly upon Cuba's side. As a matter of fact, however, we undertook to repay ourselves for our outlay by exacting from Spain the Philippines, Porto Rico and Guam. If we did not consider those concessions sufficient, we might have gone further and exacted the Canaries and the Balearic Isles. We must assume, therefore, that, after the Treaty of Paris was concluded, Cuba was by us admitted to be under no obligation to us, except a sentimental one. She did not even owe us as much as we ourselves owed France after the close of our Revolutionary War, for we were indebted to that country pecuniarily as well as sentimentally; not only for independence, but also for arms, ammunition and money advanced. It follows that, if we had given complete independence to Cuba in January, 1899, when the Spaniards evacuated the island, the accounts would have been squared, except that we might have expected the Cubans to feel toward us a sense of gratitude such as was felt toward France by a large part of the American people after the peace of 1783. It is clear, at all events, that in the case supposed we should have owed her nothing. The actual situation, however, is materially different. We have maintained a military occupation of Cuba for upward of three years, and we have compelled her representatives, assembled in convention, to embody in her Constitution the so-called Platt Amendment. That amendment forbids her to further her own well-being by political and commercial alliances with European powers. It has linked her destiny to that of the United States, and has forced her to look to us alone for a furtherance of her prosperity. It is as clear as daylight that, when that step was taken by our government, it contracted a debt of honor. Thus far the position taken by President Roosevelt and Secretary Root is unassailable. A debt of honor must be paid.

BY WHOM, HOWEVER, WAS THE DEBT OF HONOR
due to Cuba contracted, and how should it be paid? Obviously, it was contracted by the American people considered as a whole, and ought not to be shunted on a small fraction of them, who happen to be interested in a weak or nascent industry. That is what our beet-sugar producers and our Louisiana cane-sugar producers say. We make them bear the whole burden of a national obligation, if we insist upon paying our debt of honor to Cuba by reducing the tariff on Cuban sugar and tobacco. Justice demands an arrangement by which the burden of payment shall fall upon the veritable debtor, who, in this instance, as we have said, is the American people considered as a whole. One of those who have awakened to this truth has proposed that, instead of reducing the duties on Cuban sugar and tobacco, we should set aside out of our national revenue some twenty-five million dollars and make a free gift of it to Cuba, precautions being taken, however, to distribute the money among actual producers in proportion to the amount of sugar or tobacco produced. In this way, undoubtedly, the debt of honor would be paid by the true debtor, and our domestic producers of sugar and tobacco could not complain that they were unjustly dealt with. Unfortunately, our Federal Constitution, while it allows us to discharge debts defined and liquidated by treaties, nowhere authorizes us to use the national revenue for the payment of anything so vague as a debt of honor. There is just one way in which the debt of honor can be discharged constitutionally by the party which contracted it, to wit: the whole body of taxpayers. We can make such a reduction in the duties on Cuba's sugars and tobacco as shall assure prosperity to the island, and we can, at the same time, grant to our home producers of sugar, and of such tobacco as comes in competition with the Cuban product, a bounty which shall give them an advantage exactly equivalent to that which Cuban producers will receive from the reduction of the tariff. In this way, and this way only, can the debt of honor be justly paid. We certainly have no right to saddle it on a small fraction of the

people that contracted it. It is for Congress to adopt this solution of the problem. President Roosevelt merely asserted the existence of the debt. He left it to Congress to devise the proper means of paying it.

PRESIDENT ELIOT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY IN his latest report again proposes to reduce from four years to three years the undergraduate course prescribed for an A.B. degree. We hope that the Board of Overseers will again refuse to sanction the proposal. The traditional value of Harvard's A.B. degree was sufficiently extenuated when Greek ceased to be one of the conditions of admission to the college proper. The value attached to the degree in popular opinion would be more seriously lessened if the length of the course leading to it were cut down to three years. It is quite impossible to convince reasonable men that a youth can learn as much in three years as he can in four. The fact that an exceptionally qualified youth can now accomplish the prescribed undergraduate course in three years proves nothing. He could always do so. So far as his personal interests are concerned, they can be sufficiently furthered by permitting him during his Senior year in the college proper to pursue the studies prescribed for the first year in one of the professional schools. Because the exceptional youth, however, can learn as much in three years as an average youth can learn in four, it is absurd to argue that an average youth cannot learn more in four than in three. Hitherto an A.B. degree has represented to the public mind what the average youth can acquire in a four years' course. If the course is reduced to three years, it will be perfectly clear that for the average man the value of the degree is one-fourth less. Should Harvard adopt her President's proposal, while Yale and other American universities retain a four years' course, it will be plain to the man in the street that in the case of the average youth a Harvard A.B. degree is worth just a quarter less than a degree issued by other first-class universities.

THE QUICK AND SENSIBLE WAY OF SETTLING THE
inter-oceanic canal question is for Congress to delegate the choice of the route to the President. Under two conditions, however; namely, first, that he shall not choose the Panama route, unless the present ostensible owners of the Panama Canal can give an absolutely clear title as against the shareholders, bondholders and creditors of the former company; and, secondly: that the Government of the United States of Colombia will grant us concessions every whit as satisfactory as those offered by Nicaragua and Costa Rica with regard to the right of way and to the control of the canal when completed. The relative value of Colombia's concessions can be easily determined, but it is for French lawyers to say whether the present canal company can give an absolutely clear title to the property which it professes to own. We deem it likely that, if these conditions could be fulfilled, the President would conclude to buy the unfinished Panama Canal at the price named, forty million dollars. For two reasons: first, because that waterway would probably cost less to complete than the Nicaragua Canal would cost to build; and, secondly, because the former certainly could be kept in repair at a smaller annual outlay. These reasons, coupled with the relative shortness of the route, should prove decisive. But we do not want to buy a pig in a poke.

SOME EXPLANATION WAS OBVIOUSLY NEEDED OF
the vague statement made by a spokesman of the British Foreign Office in the House of Commons, the statement, namely, that Great Britain took part in the first friendly attempt to mediate between the United States and Spain, but refused to participate in a second movement to that end, because it seemed to her too coercive. Two explanations are forthcoming, one from Washington and one from Berlin, but these also need to be supplemented with some information, if they are to be reconciled. According to a high official in Washington, the second proposal to mediate, which was mooted on or about April 14, 1898, came from Austria. According to a high official in Berlin, this second proposal was made by the British Ambassador at Washington to Dr. von Holleben, the German Ambassador at the same place, who, having cabled the overture to his imperial master, was peremptorily instructed by Kaiser William II. to inform Lord Pauncefoot that Germany would take no part in such a movement. How are the two statements to be made to agree? Obviously, only on the theory that, while the second coercive proposal came originally from Austria, it was adopted by Lord Pauncefoot, and urged by him upon Dr. von Holleben. Assuming that

the conflict of evidence may be thus removed, we are confronted with an interesting question. Did Lord Pauncefoot, in urging the second coercive proposal on Dr. von Holleben, simply obey the orders of the British Foreign Office, or did he act on his own initiative? If he merely carried out the directions of the British Foreign Office, it is manifest that England on April 14, 1898, instead of being our friend, was our enemy, and that she only ceased to be so when she discovered that Germany and, for that matter, Russia would not co-operate with her. If, on the other hand, Lord Pauncefoot acted in so grave a crisis on his own initiative, it is hard to understand why the British Foreign Office should retain him in an important position, and why he should continue to be *persona grata* to our government.

FOR THE VISIT OF PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA TO
this country there are, of course, a number of precedents, some of which are nearly parallel, while one is exactly in point, and consequently instructive. When the Prince of Wales visited this country, he came as the heir-apparent of the United Kingdom. He was, therefore, a much more important personage than is Prince Henry of Prussia. When Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, came to this country in 1876, to see the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, he was a reigning sovereign. There is, consequently, no analogy between his visit and Prince Henry's. The Princess Eulalie of Spain, who came to this country in 1893 to see the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, was the sister of the then deceased King Alfonso XII. and the aunt of the child-king, Alfonso XIII. Legally, moreover, she had been herself Queen of Spain during the short interval between her brother's death and the posthumous birth of his son. Now, too, should Alfonso XIII. die childless, she would inherit the title to the Spanish crown. Even in 1893, she was nearer to a throne than Prince Henry is to-day. A perfect precedent for Prince Henry's visit can be found in that of the Grand-duke Alexis, brother of the Czar Alexander II., who was reigning at the time and who had children of his own. We presume that the ceremonial adopted on that occasion will be closely followed.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S REJECTION OF HOLLAND'S
offer to facilitate peace negotiations between the British Foreign Office and the delegates of the Boer republics in Europe was reasonable enough so far as it was based on the fact that the Boer delegates were not even alleged to have authorized the proposal. It was what he omitted to say in his reply to Holland that rendered his note discouraging to friends of the Boers. He did not say, or even imply, that he would enter into peace negotiations with the Boer delegates in Europe if, with that end in view, they applied to him directly. On the contrary, he went out of his way to cast doubts on their credentials, and to intimate that they had no power to bind the Boer commanders in the field. He distinctly conveyed the impression that the Foreign Office would only sanction negotiations between the Boer commanders themselves on the one hand and Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner on the other. This was equivalent to an indefinite postponement of peace negotiations, for the Boer commanders have repeatedly declared that they would never accept Lord Milner as an intermediary between them and the British Government. It is hard to see what harm it could do England, if she really desires to hasten a peace, to select some other intermediary than Lord Milner, or even to give the Boer delegates in Europe a safe conduct to the seat of war in South Africa.

AT THE HOUR WHEN WE WRITE IT SEEMS VERY
doubtful whether the caucus of Republican members of the House of Representatives will approve of the proposal to cut down the number of Representatives and Presidential electors in certain Southern States proportionately to the number of negroes excluded from the franchise in those States by their new State Constitutions. There are two reasons for objecting to the initiation of such a movement at this time. First, the United States Supreme Court has not yet decided that any of the State Constitutions in question have violated the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution. In the second place, such a movement would tend to solidify the white vote against the Republican party in all of the former slave States, and thus might cost the Republicans control of the next House of Representatives, which is to be chosen in November. The Republicans are by no means so assured of preponderance in the next House that they can afford to risk the loss of a good many districts in the border States.

THE HAY-WHITNEY WEDDING AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLINEBURY, WASHINGTON

MISS HELEN HAY

MR. PAYNE WHITNEY



OUTSIDE THE CHURCH OF THE COVENANT

RESIDENCE OF SECRETARY HAY, THE BRIDE'S FATHER



LADY PAUNCEFOOT, BRITISH
AMBASSADOR'S WIFE

HON. ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY
OF WAR

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT ON THEIR
WAY TO ATTEND THE CEREMONY

MRS. CUSHMAN K. DAVIS, WIDOW
OF THE LATE SENATOR DAVIS

MISS HITCHCOCK, DAUGHTER OF
SECRETARY OF INTERIOR



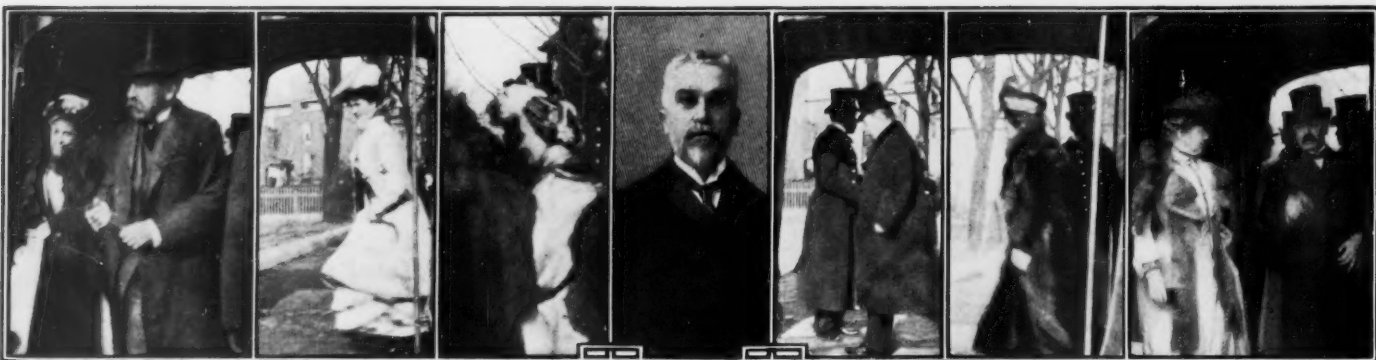
MISSES ALICE AND HELEN HAY

MR. TAKAHIRA, JAPANESE MINISTER

THE CARRIAGE CONVEYING THE BRIDE TO CHURCH

MR. ZELENOY, MISS PAUNCEFOOT

SENATOR AND MRS. O. H. PLATT



ADMIRAL CROWNINSHIELD

MISS WILSON

MADAME WU

REV. DR. HAMLIN, WHO
OFFICIATED

GERMAN AMBASSADOR

MRS. CROWNINSHIELD

SWISS MINISTER AND WIFE

THE WEDDING OF MISS HELEN HAY, daughter of the Secretary of State, and Payne Whitney, son of Hon. William C. Whitney, took place in the Church of the Covenant, Washington, D. C., on February 6, the Rev. Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin performing the ceremony. The occasion was made specially notable by the distinguished attendance, which included: the President and Mrs. Roosevelt; the "Cabinet circle" almost entire; from the "diplomatic circle" the Ambassadors

and Ministers of Great Britain, Russia, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Japan, Mexico, Norway and Sweden, and Switzerland, with their wives and daughters; a large number of Senators and Representatives in Congress; and families of social prominence in Washington and other cities. Mr. Zelenoy is Secretary of the Russian Embassy; Miss Wilson, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture; and Madame Wu, wife of the Chinese Minister.

PROMINENT PEOPLE WHO ATTENDED AS GUESTS

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The SOLUTION of the CAPITAL and LABOR CONFLICT

By Senator Hanna

THERE GATHERED in the city of New York, on the 19th of December last, a body of men whose real earnestness of purpose boded wondrous good for this country. The object of this board was the discussion of measures for the doing away, as much as possible, of conflict between capital and labor. Representatives of the laboring men appeared on the board; capitalists were there, and prominent lawyers, clergymen, bankers, economists, and men from almost every walk of life. All came gladly to the convocation, inspired by the idea that harmony between labor and capital and our national prosperity were synonymous, and that no sacrifice should be too great, no effort too monumental, to bring industrial harmony about. They were urged on by the understanding that upon the establishment of closer relations between the employer and the employé the future of society in this country in no small measure depends.

The earnestness with which these members entered upon their praiseworthy object, the unselfishness they exhibited in giving themselves to the cause, bring a realization of the fact that the spark, which the National Civic Federation fanned into life when they appointed this committee, is flaming up with promises of untold benefit to our national as well as our commercial prosperity.

And to add to this feature of good faith comes the voice of the people through the press and through letters addressed to myself and to other members of the committee, expressing in spontaneous terms their wish that the efforts of the committee may be successful. All this makes it evident that a mighty tide is setting in toward that condition of affairs which to me, and I am sure to every man in touch with the world, has long seemed desirable, namely, the time when the employer shall sympathize with the employé and understand more fully his needs, and when the laboring man shall realize that capital invites him to an earnest and frank consideration of its interests.

THE BOARD OF ARBITRATION

This board is a tripartite affair, made up of men prominent in the affairs of the country. Twelve have been selected from the ranks of the capitalists, twelve from labor circles and twelve from numbers of great men of every calling on whom the general public looks as its leaders. On these thirty-six men will devolve the duty of finding the means of bringing the laboring man and the employer on to a middle ground, and the fact that each of the thirty-six has so willingly accepted the responsibilities of his position and signified such hearty accord with the movement makes it extremely evident that the work of this board will bear good fruit.

While the broad aim of this committee is to promote industrial peace by any means human ingenuity can devise, its immediate object is to find the middle ground on which capital and labor can meet to discuss their interests with each other in a fair and unbiased way; where they can, from a friendly standpoint, debate on questions the settlement of which will mean much in the welfare of both factions. There is nothing like personal contact to bring about an understanding and a settlement of difficulties between employer and employé; there has been no recognized common ground on which both capital and labor could meet for dispassionate consideration of the matters that vitally affect both. There is no instance where labor and capital have met but to fight for selfish interests instead of the measures which would help both in the long run.

The basis of my faith in this board is that it makes the interests of capital and labor mutual. The representatives of capital will perhaps have the greatest need for the consideration of this condition. It will be necessary for them to put themselves in the place of the laboring man; to ask themselves the question, "How would we feel if we were in his place?" And, on the other hand, it will be hard for the laboring man to recognize the stress that is laid upon capital, and he, too, must ask himself the same question as regards the capitalist.

EARNEST MEN AND EFFECTIVE MEASURES

With these difficulties in view, then, the work of the committee at the outset must be along educational lines. There is need to convince the parties interested, and also the public, that there is an unselfish, disinterested and, we might say, benevolent object in view. The men giving their time to this matter are doing it from the best motives and are strong in the belief that good will come of their efforts because they are directed toward what is right. It is for the laboring man and the capitalist to learn this, and when they have been taught the committee will have gained its first point in the solution of the problem bringing the laborer and the capitalist on to a common platform.

Until this effort of the committee to inspire confidence has borne fruit the plans for the prevention of lockouts and strikes will be very much in embryo. One scheme for maintaining industrial peace, however, has already been touched upon. This is known as the mutual agreement plan, which for the last few years has been increasing in use and popularity in the industrial regions and particularly in the coal trade. This provides that there shall be an agreement as to conditions under which labor shall be performed and that when such an agreement is made its terms shall be adhered to, both in letter and spirit, by the parties contracting. For some years past this plan has worked admirably in the coal business under my control. The rate of wages and the method in which any arising difficulties are to be settled are determined upon annually, usually May 1, and both employer and employé bind themselves to abide by the terms of this agreement for one year. This procedure has proven so successful that it is being adopted by other trades throughout the country, and in some instances holds for as long a period as three years. In other words, the agreement system is, by virtue of its own efficiency, gaining ground.

It is impossible at present to go into the discussion of other methods of tranquillizing labor because these will present themselves as needs develop. Contingencies will arise that will make it beneficial to have certain agreements made, and these agreements will determine for themselves their value in the future at the hands of the committee.

OPPOSITION FROM THE LABOR ELEMENT

As to the responsibility of labor in the matters to be settled by the court no one can expect that at first the work of the committee will be entirely successful. A vast amount depends upon the preliminary work of education. Confidence in the integrity of purpose of the court will bring about a feeling of trust that will make the work of that body more effective as times goes on. My experience with the laboring man has been that, where he has given his word, the highest sense of honor exists, and that he seldom, if ever, goes back upon

an agreement he has entered into in good faith with his employer.

As set forth in the platform adopted by the committee at New York, this committee will not be a regulation board of arbitration, nor is it to act upon every difference that may arise between the worker and the employer. It shall, when requested, act as a forum to adjust and decide questions between labor and capital only when, in its opinion, the subject is one of sufficient importance, and never unless the power of arbitration be conferred by both parties to a dispute. It will be the court's duty to bring influences to bear that will preclude the necessity of strikes rather than to arbitrate after the strikes have been declared. The committee, according to the adopted platform, will also decline to discuss abstract problems of labor.

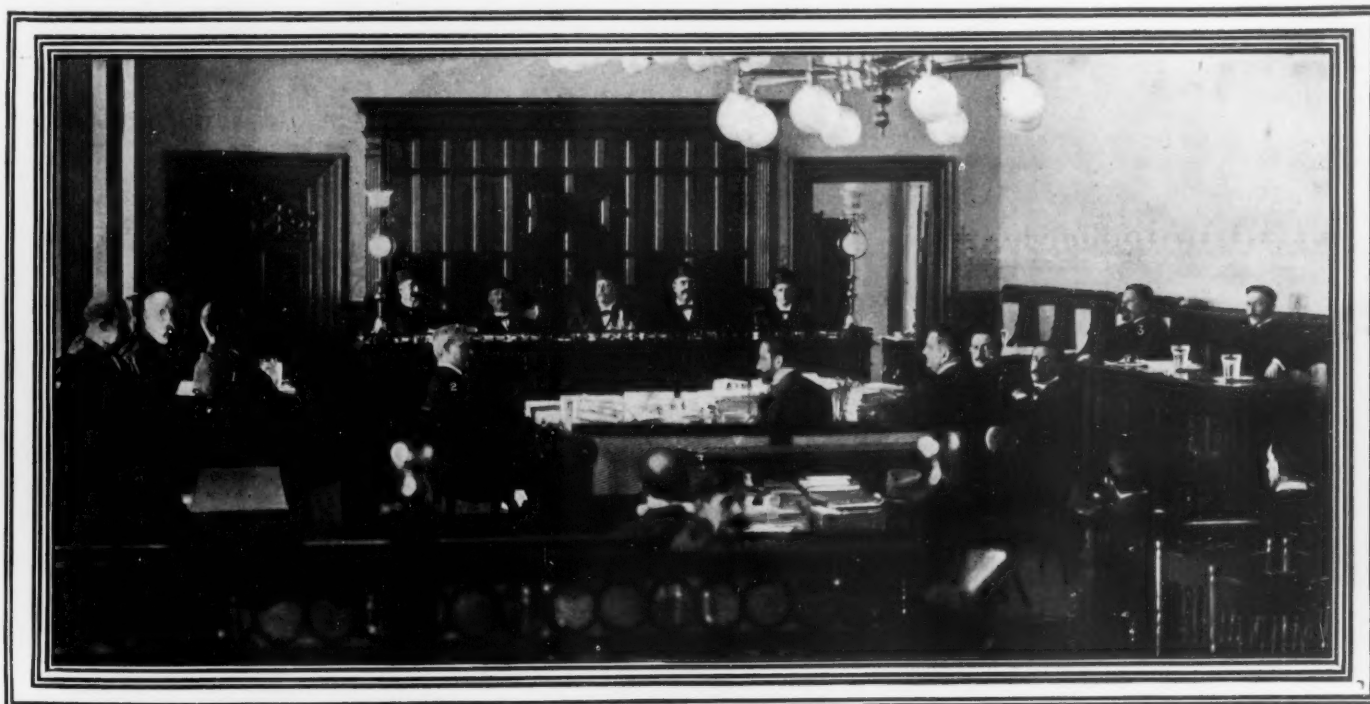
One of the features of the recent gathering in New York that greatly impressed me was the utterance of Mr. John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America. He said: "I have never seen in my experience a strike that could not have been avoided if the employer and the employé had met for a dispassionate discussion of the cases both before an acute stage in the controversy had been reached." Such has been my experience. During the time in which I have had occasion to come in contact with the laboring man I have no memory of any strike occurring that could not have been settled in an honest conference beforehand.

THE NEW SCHEME PROMISES TO BE A GREAT SUCCESS

Since the organization of this new board I have been getting scores of letters from all parts of the country. These letters are mostly from men of the laboring class who have hoped that just such a thing as the organization of this body might come to pass. With not a single exception the writers assure me that the committee will meet with the heartiest support of the laboring man. Most of these correspondents express themselves frankly as to their own needs and even give their opinion as to the needs of the capitalists. Some go so far as to admit that labor methods in the past have really antagonized capital.

In my estimation, such letters as these go a marvellously long way toward assurance that the workers will stand firmly by the rulings of the committee, once let confidence in its sincerity be inspired. The good-will of the capitalists in this measure has also been abundantly expressed.

It occurs to me that public opinion is the highest court of arbitration and that it is before that court we must stand in settling our differences. Capital must present honest evidence, and labor must do the same, to be sustained by that court. Public opinion has commended this effort. The expressions from the press and from private sources are away beyond my expectation. The letter written by the Hon. Grover Cleveland, when he decided to accept his place on the committee, sounds the keynote of the sympathy the movement is receiving. Mr. Cleveland says it is a sense of duty that causes him to accept. When such men as Grover Cleveland, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Potter, President Eliot and other famous men of this country accept places on this board from a sense of duty it is evidence that this movement has taken a firm hold upon the people, and those of us who come in contact with what I may call the "upper house" feel that we must be controlled by opinions of this character. It is an inspiration to great and persistent effort.



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. DANIEL TRAYTON

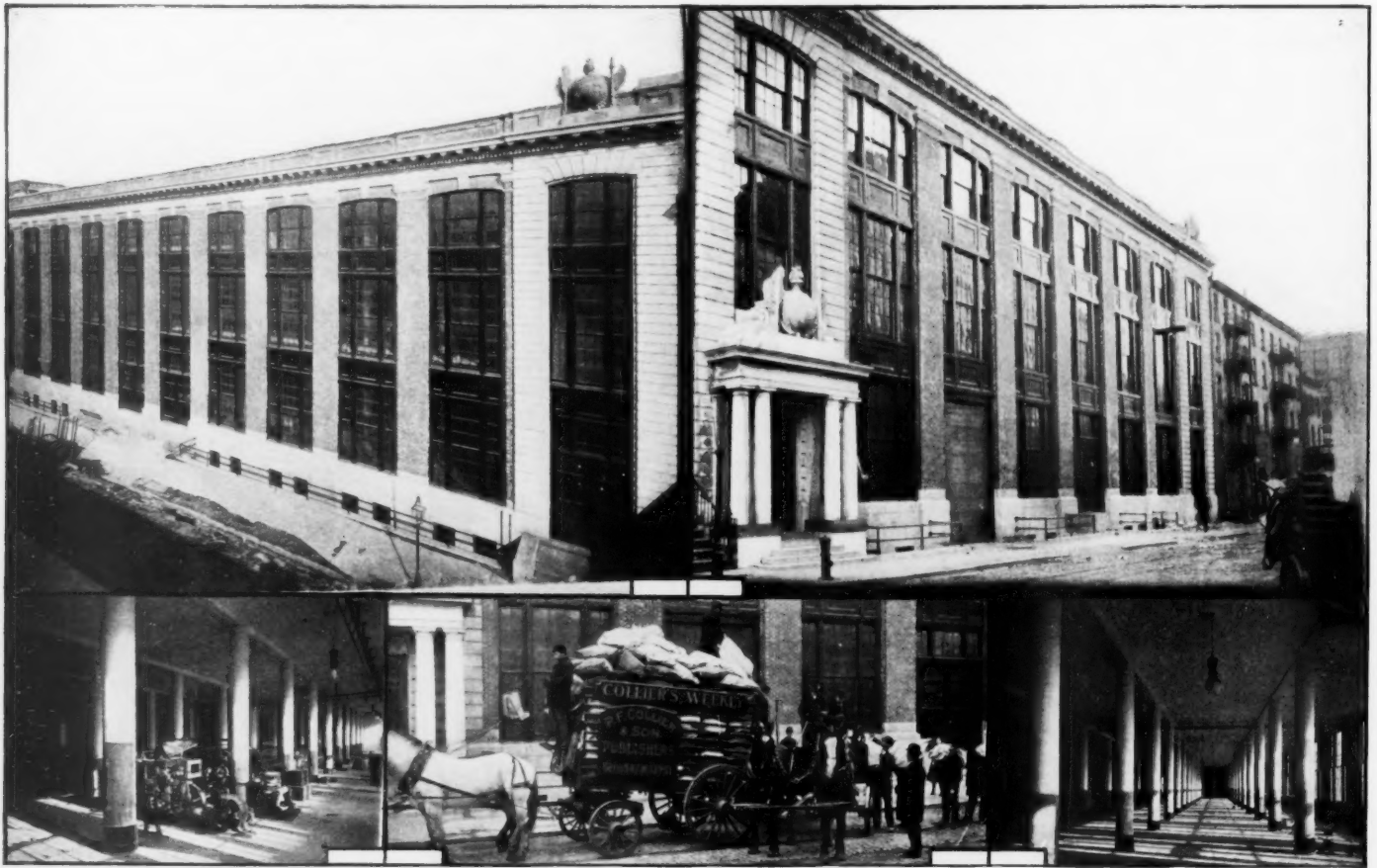
(1) MR. E. G. RATHBONE; (2) CHARLES F. W. NEELY ON THE WITNESS STAND; (3) PROSECUTING ATTORNEY ARTURO HEVIA

SCENE IN THE AUDIENCIA COURT ROOM, HAVANA, AT THE TRIAL OF C. F. W. NEELY FOR ALLEGED EMBEZZLEMENT OF POSTAL FUNDS

WHERE "COLLIER'S WEEKLY" IS MADE

THE BRONFAGE IN LITTLE WEST TWELFTH STREET

THE MAIN ENTRANCE ON WEST THIRTEENTH STREET



IN THE PRESS-ROOM

THE HEAVY-LADEN TRUCKS ON MAILING DAY

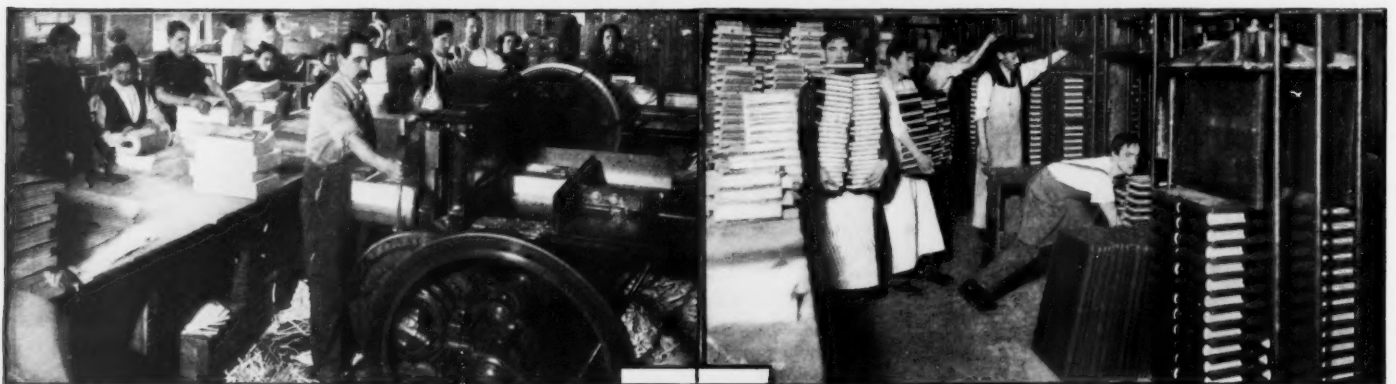
A PRESS-ROOM VISTA



FEEDING THE FURNACES

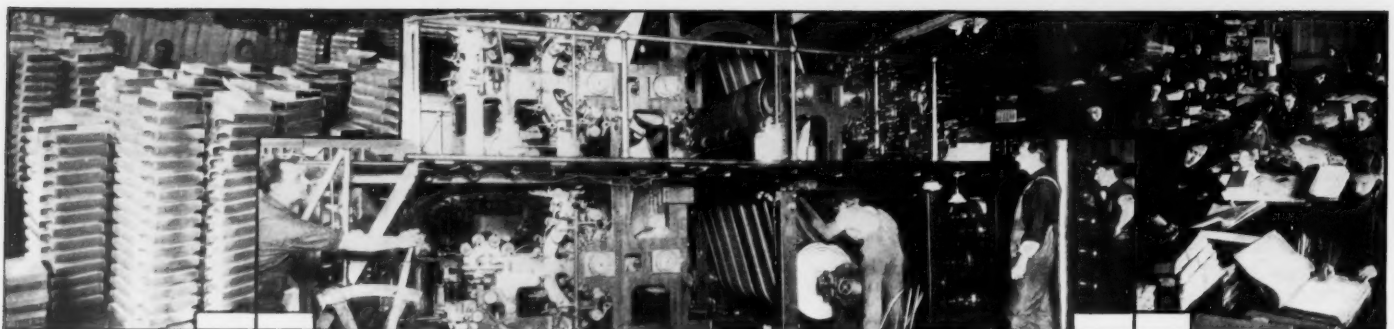
PLENTY OF ROOM ON TOP-VIEW OVER THE ROOFS, LOOKING EASTWARD

AMONG THE DYNAMOS



THE TRIMMING MACHINES IN ACTION

THE PRESSES IN THE BOOKBINDERY



FOR THE WORLD'S LIBRARIES

THE WEB PRESS ON WHICH "COLLIER'S WEEKLY" IS PRINTED. 166 COPIES PER MINUTE

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT



HISTORY MADE IN THE OLD HOME

OF THE OLD HOME of COLLIER'S WEEKLY this should be said in *memoriam*: In the covered court which for ten years or more has been used as the bindery of the Collier establishment was built the historic *Monitor* which afterward destroyed the *Merrimac*. At least, here was created the heart and soul of that famous ironclad; for here—the premises were occupied at the time as a foundry—the turret, engines and machinery for the *Monitor* were built and put into her hull. Thus, where men have recently been engaged in binding together the peaceful products of the pen others once toiled day and night making a mighty weapon to help save the Union.

TWO ANNIVERSARY DINNERS ILLUSTRATE PROGRESS

Twelve years ago, the second anniversary of "Once a Week," as the paper was then called, was celebrated by a dinner given at Delmonico's. The feast was spread for the staff, and covers were laid for just eight.

A few weeks ago an anniversary dinner was given to the staff—editorial, art, business and mechanical—of the WEEKLY of to-day. It was the fifth anniversary since the important editorial change when the name of the paper was changed to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. In the banquet hall of the Metropolitan Club an oval table of heroic proportions was set for forty. Massive beds of American Beauties turned the centre of the table into a formal garden, and in the centre of this garden stood a model of the new home of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. That model typified the forward march of COLLIER'S WEEKLY during the last few years from 5,600 to 300,000 subscribers, an increase of 500 per cent.

The presence at the dinner of a number of war correspondents reminded us that wherever there is an army in the field, and clash of arms and bullets and the thousand tragedies of war, there, too, is a man from COLLIER'S. These men are the real historians. Your fireside chronicler is but a copyist. War correspondents soldier with soldiers, sleep and eat in the camps of fighters, march till footsore with patriots of all nations, endure and suffer and take their chances—all for the paper they represent—side by side with those who are doing the same thing for their country. These men, in their way, helped to build the new home of COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

AN AFFIDAVIT IN STEEL AND GRANITE

The new building itself, the steel and granite reality offering such substantial proof of success, is at the west end of Thirteenth Street, with the old home of the WEEKLY as a neighbor, and only Gansevoort Market between them. This is one of the busiest shipping districts in the city, a fleet of steamers being in view from every window in the neighborhood. Apparently, a correspondent of the WEEKLY can embark for any port in the world, upon two minutes' notice given at the new building.

In the old home, until the Dock Commissioners call upon it to make way for their new million-dollar docks, part of the work of getting out the vast number of Collier books will still

be conducted, the two buildings together covering forty building lots. Meantime, though the new building itself occupies the ground on which a year ago stood fourteen buildings, and though its three stories and basement have a total floor space of four acres, arrangements are being made to add several more stories and to enlarge the building otherwise.

The two main features of the new home, indeed, are its size and its equipment. On these two counts it is a noteworthy example of progress at the manufacturing end of the publishing industry, while the opening of its doors and the starting of its four acres of machinery to-day—Washington's Birthday—adds a new chapter to the history of seven day journalism. It is the largest publishing plant in a city of such plants. It is replete with the most modern facilities for the publishing business in general and for the business of Messrs. P. F. Collier & Son in particular.

In respect to equipment, indeed, the plant has been perfected to a degree not equalled by any other similar establishment in this country, or, as some experts aver, in the world. The structure itself was built to order, the plant was installed with special reference to the particular needs of each department, and every new or improved mechanical

floor covered twenty-six building lots, the operatives were working two deep, as it were, and a night force was employed because of insufficient room for an adequate number of employees by day. Often the great presses worked ceaselessly through a week of days and nights, printing COLLIER'S WEEKLY, stopping only long enough to "make ready" for the next edition.

Readers are quick to show appreciation of that weekly paper which "runs closest to the news." In the old home, COLLIER'S was usually obliged to go to press nine or ten days previous to the date of issue. In the case of news of world-wide importance it was sometimes possible to cut the time down several days. President McKinley died on Friday, and the paper that appeared on the news-stands the following Wednesday contained a complete record of the effect of the nation's loss. In the new building, facilities are such that COLLIER'S will be able to run several days "closer to the news" than any other illustrated weekly in the country.

TRIFLES OF GREAT MAGNITUDE

In the shipping department in the old building the thousands of mailbags packed with the WEEKLY were loaded on trucks by hand. In the new home, the trucks will be loaded in half the time by machinery, which will lay the bags in even piles each thirteen feet high. All the paper, too, in rolls and packages, as it arrives at the building, will be unloaded by machinery.

At the old quarters, the trucks were obliged to stand in the street while discharging or receiving their burdens. But they will back right into the new building on depressed floors.

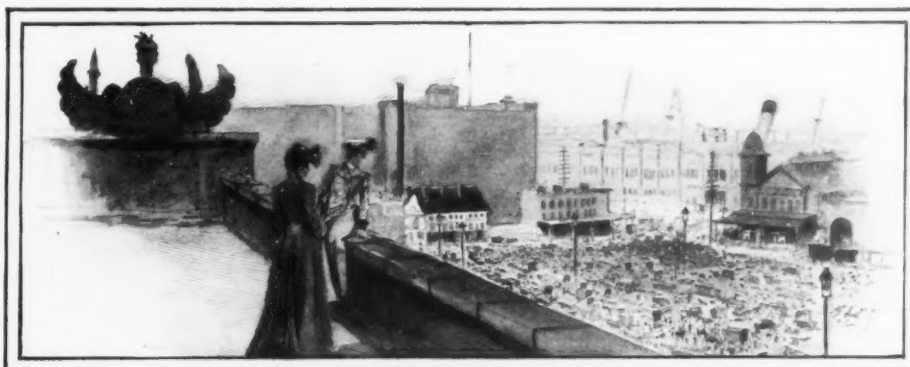
Again, on each floor there are four trap-doors, through which all waste paper and floor sweepings of any kind can be swept down as many chutes which empty in the basement. Thus there will be no accumulation of "waste" in any part of the building.

In the old place, the waste paper was packed in bags by hand. In the new building there is a special machine which will bale the waste paper as it comes from the chutes, cotton or hay fashion.

These may seem trifles, hardly worth mentioning, but when the most insignificant operation is repeated hundreds of times a day and tens of thousands of times a year the results, in the time saved, will show the improved processes in the new building to be of great value. The enormous output—300,000 copies of the WEEKLY and 100,000 books every seven days—gives vast importance to the saving of the smallest fraction of a second. If only one one-hundredth of a second can be saved in producing each copy of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, forty-eight hours will be saved each week.

A superintendent of a mill in which calico is made discovered that a spindle girl who used her left hand accomplished a certain movement a tiny part of a second quicker than the girls who used their right hands. As a result, every spindle girl must now use her left hand for that particular movement. Many discoveries of this class have been made in the mechanical departments of the Collier plant, and every one of them is used to practical advantage in the new building.

The seemingly small improvements just mentioned as hav-



LOOKING DOWN ON GANSEVOORT MARKET FROM THE ROOF OF "COLLIER'S"

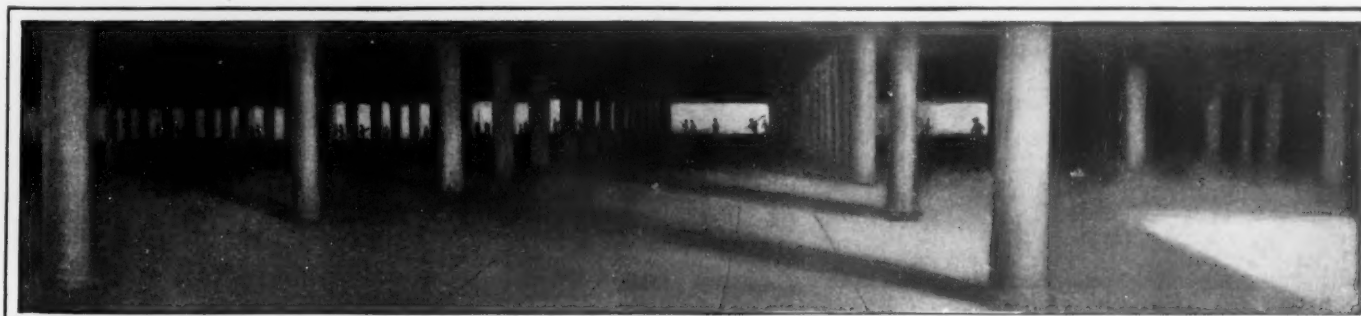
device was adopted that would save labor, expense or a second of time.

A detail, here and there, may be ordinary, that is, common, to every publishing plant; but in its entirety the new establishment is extraordinary; and, as such, has elicited expressions of amazement and congratulation from every "captain of industry" who has paid it a visit. All agree that it is a splendid monument to the printed page. It is indeed an affidavit of the success of COLLIER'S WEEKLY far better than any in parchment, legal ink and sealing wax. It is an affidavit in steel and granite.

WHY THE NEW PLANT HAD TO BE

Necessity made the spade which broke the ground for this new home. The hundreds of thousands of subscribers to the WEEKLY, and the millions of buyers of the books published by this house, made demands which, it was foreseen, would soon exceed the producing capacity of the old home. A new building, an improved plant, became an imperative need. So, just a year ago, building plans were approved and the builders began the work of turning the architect's pencil lines into steel and granite.

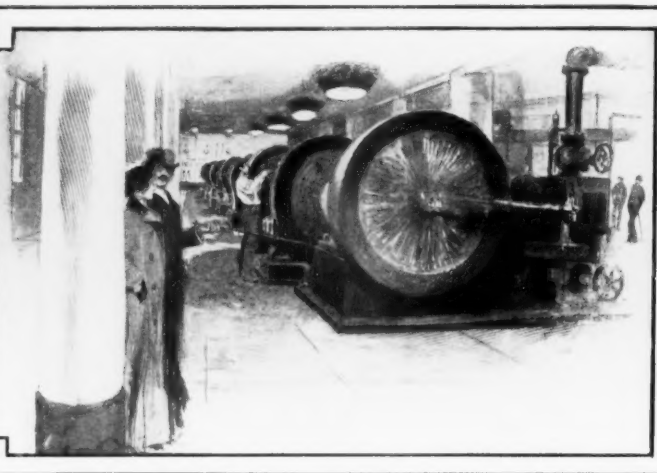
In the old building, meanwhile, even though its ground



THE FOREST-LIKE APPEARANCE OF "COLLIER'S" CELLAR BEFORE IT WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A STOREHOUSE FOR BOOKS



WHERE FIVE MILLION BOOKS A YEAR WILL BE BOUND



THE DYNAMO ROOM IN THE BASEMENT

ing been effected in the shipping departments, are only samples of the perfected facilities in all the other departments.

NEW HOME BUILT TIME-TABLE FASHION

The new plant grew into being on a schedule, somewhat as follows: February, fourteen buildings, including tenement-houses, stables and the warehouses of commission merchants connected with the nearby provision market, torn down; March, a great hole dug, an acre in extent and twenty-two feet deep; April, foundation of concrete, brick and granite built; May, a forest of steel columns built, forming the first floor; June, a second story of steel riveted to the first; July, a third series of steel columns placed atop the second; August, the whole steel frame inclosed in walls of granite, buff brick and limestone with enormous gaps left for windows; September, masons, carpenters, plasterers held the fort; October, power plant installed; November, original interior plans changed in a hundred particulars; December, foundations and accessories for presses and machinery constructed and building "wired"; January, cleaning up, inspection and finishing touches generally; early in February, detachments of machinery from the old building moving in; later in February, battalions of presses arriving at every entrance; Washington's Birthday, COLLIER'S WEEKLY in possession of its new home, wheels moving and the first copies carried away from the building as souvenirs.

FOUR ACRES OF PERFECTION

Each floor contains 30,000 square feet of floor space, 140,000 in all, or more than half as much floor room as is used by the Government Printing Office in Washington, the largest publishing plant in the world. The Government Office is run by 630 horse-power, the Collier plant by 650.

In detail, the structure was built on lines solid enough to check vibration and muscular enough to hold additional machinery of the heaviest kind with safety. The foundation and the steel frame were both built with a view to supporting four more stories.

The plumbing was supervised by a sanitary engineer whose orders were: "The best." The water for flushing comes from a driven well 180 feet deep. In driving this well it was expected that water could be thus obtained for the entire plant. But when water was reached it was salt—impossible for boiler use. The ventilating scheme is the most scientific that could be devised. In the walls and under the floors there are miles and miles of wire, as intricate, yet as simple, as the nerve system of the human body.

LITERALLY A GLASS HOUSE

At the anniversary dinner, before referred to, at which the model of the new home was the decorative *pièce de résistance*, some one remarked: "Why, it seems to be all windows and skylights. It's a crystal palace."

Right! Both fronts—125 feet on Thirteenth Street and 225 feet on Little West Twelfth Street—are principally glass. As the building runs from street to street, a depth of 200 feet, a certain section half-way between would have been dark; but at that midway point there is a large central court. The walls facing on this court, like the front walls, have many windows.

Thus the maximum of daylight reaches the interior of the building. On the roof, skylights give a studio light to the entire top floor. Hence from the time the whistles blow reveille until they sound retreat the operatives in any part of the plant, excepting the cellar, can work by natural light.

Not that the supply of artificial light is deficient—for there are enough electric lights in this building to illuminate any street in New York from river to river. There are 1,100 incandescent and 200 arc lights, so distributed that every desk, every press, every machine, is as well lighted for night work as it would be if it had a sun all to itself by day.

WHO ENTERS HERE LEAVES EVERYTHING OLD-FASHIONED BEHIND

Over the main entrance there is a stone totem representing the globe, upon the great events of which the quill and the crayon, presumably of COLLIER'S, throws a light as by a torch. Who enters the portal thus surmounted leaves all that is not modern behind.

Who wishes to enter in other than the conventional way may step on one of the "outside" elevators and have himself lowered into the basement, thus making his entrance trap-door fashion, somewhat as Faust makes his exit in the last act of the opera.

BASEMENT A LIBRARY IN ITSELF

Where now the visitor stands daylight, of course, cannot enter. Instead, this subterranean region is flooded with an electric light equal to that of thousands of candles. This is not an unobstructed floor, like that of an armory, for in every direction there is a row of columns, a colonnade. These columns stand like trees in an orchard, a column every few feet,

nearly two hundred in all, supporting the superstructure. They are all of steel sheathed in fireproof brick, then cemented, then painted, like every one of the columns on all the floors and every one of the 2,000 steel beams and girders that form the frame of the building. Samson himself could not pull down this publishing temple—even he could not push these pillars apart.

Among the columns, piled to the ceiling with aisles between, are endless stores of books. Few of them are bound, most of them are in sheets as they come folded from the press, booklets of 24 pages each, all stored here while awaiting their turn in the bindery. It has been said that this part of the building resembles "streets of book-sheets"; but this does not accurately describe the appearance of things. Here, rather, are hills of books separated by many ravines. In these ravines you have great mounds of encyclopedias or dictionaries on one side, more mounds of novels and histories on the other. A stowaway in this part of the plant could acquire a liberal education before one of the watchmen could find him.

A DEEP, DEEP PLOT AGAINST FIRE

Explore other parts of this interesting basement. Here are great steel concerns called vaults. In these great safes are stored book-plates of a value greater than that of the family plate of a rich peer of England. The doors of the vaults are of laminated iron—a part of the general defence against fire that characterizes the whole building.

It should be added that an incendiary torch might be thrown

you will, is the corner that holds the power plant. Here it is, on the Twelfth Street side—boilers, engines, dynamos, four of each, and a storage battery.

In the boiler-room, with its floor sunken many feet below the level of the basement, men toil as in the stoke-hole of a ship. Furnace jaws insatiable demand coal, buckwheat coal, and still more of the same, day and night. The boilers are of the "horizontal high pressure return-tubular type," and have steam jet blowers attached so that they can be forced beyond their natural capacity, if desired. High pressure can be used with safety, as all the piping connecting the boilers with the engines and dynamos is extra heavy. The hot water for the building is supplied by a special tank, the temperature of the water being controlled automatically.

For heating purposes, the exhaust steam from the engines is utilized. Should the exhaust not be sufficient, in zero weather for instance, the requisite amount of live steam is added automatically. In engineer's parlance, "the heating otherwise is by American radiators distributed on the outside walls below, and not extending above, the window-sills." The boiler-room, by the way, has a non-conducting ceiling to prevent the transmission of heat to the floor above.

As for the engines, the electrical engineer gives them a most imposing array of titles—"high-speed, automatic, single-expansion, double disc, centre-crank, horizontal-railway, direct-connected type." These powerful agents which operate the dynamos, which in turn make all the wheels in the entire plant go round, have foundations of solid concrete four feet deep.

THE PLANT ELECTRICAL

As suggested, all the power and light in the plant is furnished by electric current. The work to be done is of a very severe character, varying frequently "from almost no load to full load and overload." To relieve the machinery from undue strains that would be the result of these fluctuations of power, a battery which will take the "severe loads" was installed. In case of complete breakdown, this battery will operate the principal part of the plant for half a day.

Current is "on" the building every minute of the day and night. In case of accident in the dead of night, the watchmen can turn on lights here, lights there, thus illuminating their way through the building.

The battery is in a room which was specially designed for it. To protect the steel column "footings" from any acid which may be spilled, the floor is coated with asphalt and over that are tiles.

The entire control of the electrical power throughout the building is on a mammoth switchboard and in the hands of the operating engineer. By turning a handle on this switchboard, the dimensions of which are greater than the largest blackboard seen in a stockbroker's office, the engineer can connect either or all of the generators, or the battery, to either the lighting or power systems, separately or in multiple. In fact, any combination that can be thought of can be accomplished on this board. Engineers who have seen it say that the insulation is such that the Collier plant is "one of the most flexible in existence, if not absolutely the most!"

A PRESSROOM WITHOUT A BELT

To see how this power is used take the elevator—no, not one of the four freight elevators, but this one for passengers—to the first floor. Here, unbroken by fence or partition, is an acre of presses, row after row of them, a black phalanx of "Hoes," "webs," "rotaries," and "flats," making the most tremendous bedlam in producing the silence of countless printed pages. In an ordinary pressroom you would expect to see belting running from the ceiling, but here not a single belt is where it ought to be—nor anywhere else. All the presses are run by individual motors.

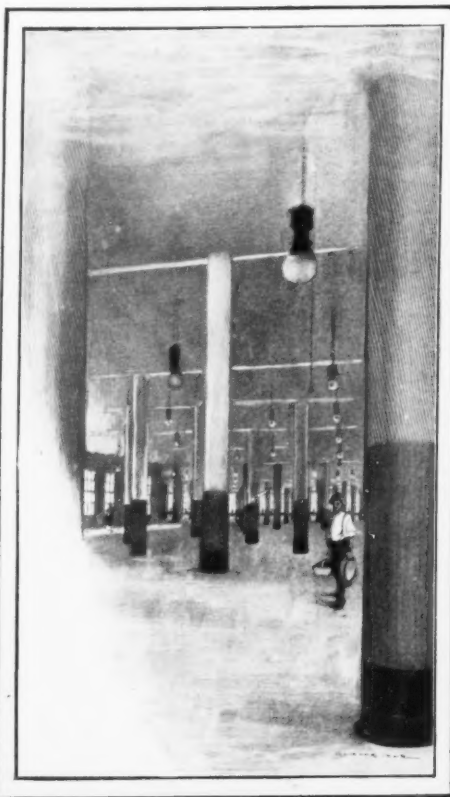
PRESSES THAT RACE WITH TIME

Here is a row of rotary presses, any one of them turning out a mile of the WEEKLY's pages every minute. Standing alone on a specially constructed foundation is the star of the pressroom, the giant machine that at one end takes in every hour a ribbon of paper six miles long and as wide as a man is high and ejects it at the other end in the form of complete copies of the WEEKLY—24 pages printed in six colors with every revolution, folded, pasted, cut, ready for the newsstand—at the rate of 166 a minute.

The pressroom is soon to contain what is called, in the theatrical world, a "joint-star" attraction. For another press like the giant whose "turn" has just been described, has been ordered.

WHERE FIVE MILLION BOOKS A YEAR ARE MADE

Books—it must be remembered that books form a large percentage of the product of this plant. Many of the great printing machines in the pressroom have a capacity of

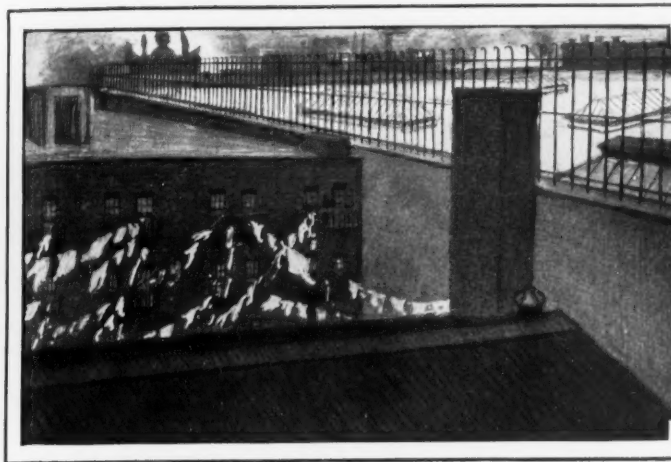


THE PRESSROOM, BEFORE THE FIFTY PRESSES WERE PUT IN

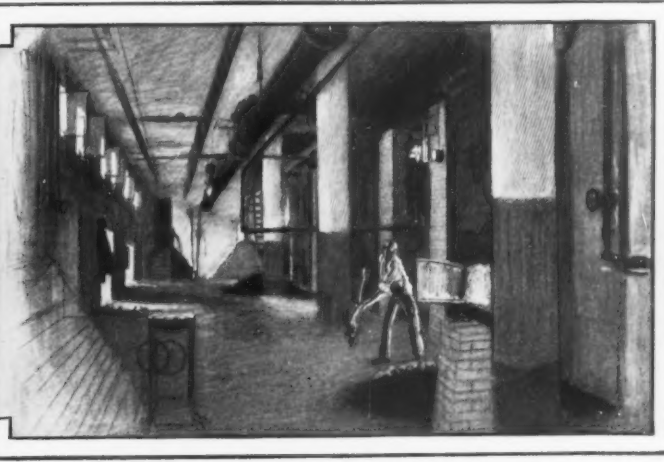
at random into this building with results no more serious than a local scorching. From its foundation of concrete to its roof of gravel and cinder fillings, it tells of conspiracy among owners, architects and builders to thwart flame. A few of the doors might burn, and perhaps the window-frames and the varnished ash partitions on the office floor. But with these the fire would end. As already said, the steel pillars are encased in fireproof brick, and the doors of the five or six elevators, like those of the vaults, are of laminated iron. The ceilings are terra-cotta, the floors granolithic.

THE LUNGS AND HEART OF THE BUILDING

The most important section of the basement, or cellar, as



"COLLIER'S" HUMBLE NEIGHBORS



THE FURNACES IN THE BASEMENT

eighteen complete books a minute. All the presses together produce 2,000 volumes every hour. Thirty-five hundred impressions of 144 pages each is the average hourly capacity of these presses. Each impression comes forth in the shape of six folded booklets, or sections of a volume, 24 pages in each. This is a storm area of books—it rains booklets, hails booklets, snows booklets.

One press, for instance, is printing Julian Hawthorne's "History of the United States." The paper runs white from the huge spool at one end—before you can count nine a number of printed pages have come forth at the other end equal to the total number of pages in the three volumes in which the History is issued. Same way on other presses—printed pages equal in number to those in a "Universal Dictionary" in three seconds; or Emerson's "History of the Nineteenth Century" in three volumes in less than ten seconds; Thackeray's "Works" in twenty volumes inside of one minute; "The Nations of the World" in sixty volumes in a minute and a half. All the rotary presses in this room are accomplishing feats like this all the time.

There's a trolley line on this floor—and on the floor above, too—an overhead trolley that carries spools of paper instead of passengers. This trolley carries the great rolls of paper, as they arrive at the building, to this or that press as desired. The mechanical arrangements are such that it is possible for the paper on a particular spool to come forth in the form of complete copies packed in mail-bags within five minutes after it arrives at the new building. That is, five minutes from the time the trolley line lifts the spool of paper from the truck the trolley can bring that same paper back again to the truck ready for the subscriber.

Meantime, "flat" presses produce the beautiful illustrations found in all the books that come from this establishment. These presses give printing performances which are, as yet, impossible on rotary presses—"Deckel-edge laid paper" editions; or elaborate color work; or fine, heavy albums of unusual size, like the "Life of William McKinley," "The War in South Africa," and any other volume that might be classed as an *édition de luxe*.

Think of the rivers of printers' ink that irrigate all the presses in this room!

THE NEWS AS AN EDITION-DESTROYER

In this pressroom word has more than once been received from the editorial realm to destroy all copies of an edition printed up to the moment. Reason: news has just come of an event of national importance and the story must go into issue now on the press at any cost, any sacrifice. Forty or fifty thousand have been run off. Never mind—"kill" them. Hence, several times, a number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY equal to an entire edition of this paper four years ago—and equal to the whole regular output of some metropolitan weeklies of the present day—have been deliberately destroyed. This in order that COLLIER'S might give its readers the story of the very latest happening, something which may have occurred on the far side of the earth.

Out of a thousand topics that have their proper place in a great daily newspaper only two or three are suitable in a weekly of national circulation. As the weekly must select news topics for its principal features, it must do over again what the dailies have already done, but do it with greater care, more thoroughly, and with that something in addition which is called accuracy and which is not always possible in daily newspapers owing to the necessary haste with which everything must be done. With so many topics to choose from, with so few that are appropriate to a weekly—well, it's worth while destroying part of an edition now and then on the conditions just described.

In speaking of the province of the weekly newspaper, Alfred Harmsworth said to a correspondent of COLLIER'S: "There is an increasing, almost universal, demand in the United States for more accurate information. I cannot believe that so shrewd a people as the Americans will continue to tolerate the haste and mistakes which mar the brilliancy of their daily newspapers."

"Hasty daily journalism has created a nation of doubting Thomases. 'I wonder if it is true?' or 'That's only newspaper talk,' are constantly in the minds of daily newspaper readers. They have discovered that the details of news stories, printed as gospel truth, are too often merely Jules Verne facts—the vivid imaginings of well-paid pens. Readers have discovered that for the sake of novelty, picturesque effect and sensationalism, accuracy has been sacrificed. They have learned that in some newspaper offices, when the details of a twenty-word news cablegram, for instance, are not known, enough is 'guessed' to make the story cover half a column. To offset this haste and inaccuracy appears to be the province of the American weekly newspaper."

A PRIVATE POST-OFFICE WITH MORE BUSINESS THAN ONE IN A LARGE TOWN

On the first floor, too, are machines which "assemble" and fold the sheets as they come from the flat press. Here, too, is the mailroom where COLLIER'S WEEKLY is addressed by machinery and wrapped by lightning like hands. Here the paper is packed in mail-bags addressed to subscribers in every State in the Union. No post-office outside of the first-class cities handles such a large volume of business as is disposed of weekly in this department. More single copies are handled here in the course of a month than are issued by any monthly magazine in the world.

On the second floor there is a maze of machinery of the lighter kind—sewing machines, embossing presses, trimmers, scores of each. The bindery is here—a great number of hands, stitching and gluing together the works of Stevenson, Hardy, Cooper, Dickens, Scott, Dumas, encyclopedias, poetry, and covering them in cloth and leather in all the colors in and out of a rainbow.

THE BUSIEST TOP FLOOR IN THE SEVEN-DAY PUBLISHING WORLD

To the top floor now, where are the general offices, composing-room, foundry and job room. In the composing-room articles, editorials, advertisements, short stories, books are "set up" partly by hand, principally by machinery. In this department a thought is cast in metal, in a line of type, as quickly as a person could express it.

In the foundry, which in point of modern equipment is second to none in the country, the "forms"—that is, the pages in type as they come from the composing-room—are molded in hydraulic presses in wax, copper-plated in an electric bath, burnished, trimmed and curved for the rotary presses.

There is a room on this floor in which engravers with magnifying glasses fixed in their eyes, like monocles, grow round-shouldered leaning over half tone plates, giving a finishing touch here, a last line there, to small advertisements or double-page drawings—equal care and attention to both.

In the photographic dark-room, equipped with every modern contrivance, are developed plates that come in from the earth-around chain of COLLIER'S cameras. This room reminds us that, wherever on this terrestrial sphere something of human interest is happening, or going to happen, Collier either has a camera on the spot or one is sent. Ice yachting on the Hudson? A Collier camera is there. War

in Venezuela? A Collier camera is there. A rush to Cape Nome? A Collier camera is there. Comes the brother of the Kaiser to America? A Collier camera follows him from the time he embarks at Hamburg until he has christened the German royal yacht and steps ashore again in his Fatherland. The men behind Collier's cameras, too, helped in their way to build the new home of the WEEKLY.

As for the general offices, of these there is a labyrinth. The bookkeeping department—here the history of the business is written by mathematicians in columns of figures, in debits and credits, day-books and ledgers.

In a line, on the Thirteenth Street front, is a series of important offices, each having its individual reception-room. First, the cashier's office, the pocketbook of the plant, whence come all the little yellow envelopes that reach everybody in every department every Saturday night. Then, the advertising, editorial and art rooms—but the hard labor done in these sanctums can be read between the lines and in the pictures in every copy of the WEEKLY.

A TALE OF MILLIONS

It may be interesting now to know what is expected of the four floors of the plant we have just visited. Just this: 300,000 copies of the WEEKLY every seven days, and 100,000 books. In other words, the plant must produce in the first year of its existence 16,000,000 copies of COLLIER'S WEEKLY and 5,000,000 books.

The year's output of WEEKLIES would fill 200 freight cars which, coupled together, would make a train two miles long. The year's output of books, standing side by side as in a library, would fill a shelf 100 miles in length. Four years ago, subscribers to COLLIER'S were equal in number only to the population of Waterbury, Conn. To-day the subscribers equal the number of inhabitants of New Orleans or Pittsburg.

THE WEEK DRAMATIC—LAST COPY FROM THE OLD HOME, FIRST COPY FROM THE NEW

But what of to-day, the first in the new home? In the manufacturing world not a whistle calls workers to their places, not a wheel budes. Yet it is the hour at which the day's work usually begins. It is the birthday of Washington, a holiday everywhere save at the new publishing plant of Messrs. P. F. Collier & Son. Banked fires, inertia the country over, but not in the new home of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. Here it is the moment dramatic.

Down among the dynamos an engineer in new blue overalls stands before the mammoth switchboard. This switchboard is of white marble and is fitted with a great number of copper instruments, dials and rubber handles. As the clock reaches seven the engineer turns the rubber handles and instantly power is given to the several acres of machinery on the floors above.

As the engineer below turns on the power a group of printers in the pressroom gather about a certain press, the Hoe masterpiece. Oh, if Gutenberg could see this mastodon shedding copies of an illustrated weekly paper faster than a Gatling gun emits bullets, 166 a minute! As the press ejects the copies each printer seizes one and carries it off as a memento.

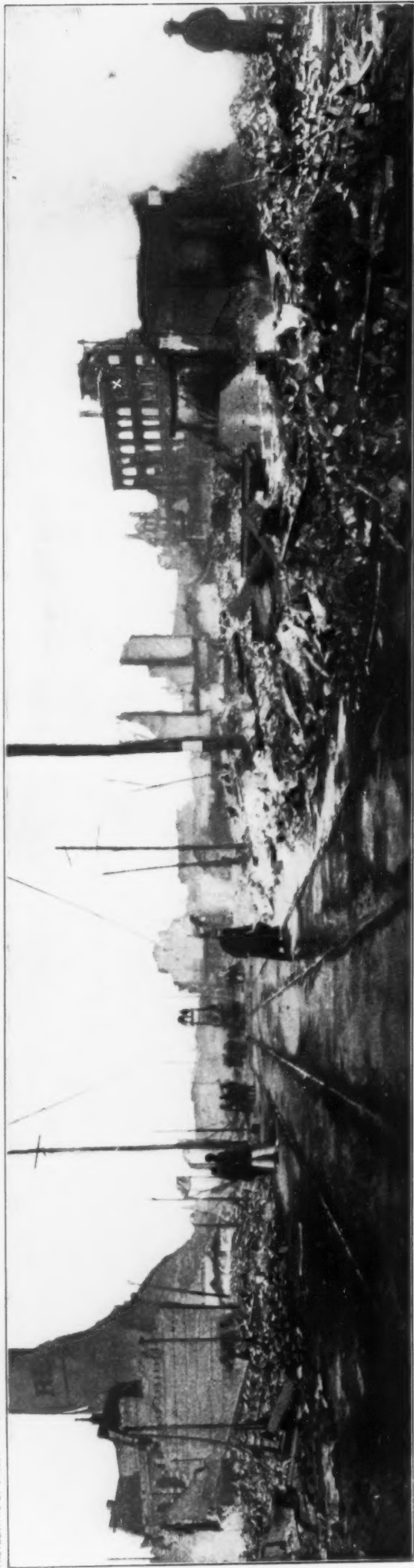
The souvenirs are dated March 1. On that day copies will be in San Francisco, Chicago, Galveston, Montreal, Mexico City, Vancouver—wherever there is a reader of COLLIER'S. A particular copy may be one of the first 166 or it may be the 300,000th. But it certainly will be exactly like those taken wet from the press this morning. The present number is the last from the old building, final issue from the old plant.



THE WEB PRESS TURNING OUT EVERY HOUR 10,000 COPIES OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY," PRINTED IN COLORS, CUT AND FOLDED

THE FIRE-SWEPT DISTRICT OF PATERSON, NEW JERSEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARRIS



LOOKING DOWN MAIN STREET TOWARD BROADWAY—RUINS OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK (X)



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS LOOKING OVER MAIN STREET TOWARD THE CITY HALL FROM A BUILDING ON PROSPECT STREET

Early Sunday morning, February 9, Paterson, N. J., was swept by a conflagration which destroyed property to the value of over ten million dollars. Between four and five hundred buildings were consumed or damaged, the principal ones being the old and new City Halls, Public Library, Hamilton Club, Police Station, High School, Garden Theatre, five churches and five banks. The area of the fire covers twenty six city blocks. Only one life was lost.



THE HOUSE OF SCAYTHES

By FRANK RICHARDSON

Illustrated by Ethel Franklin Betts



AS PHYSICIAN to the Lady Moy I had been invited, for a fortnight's shooting, to Scaythes. Moy had left the date to my own convenience, but had expressed a wish that I should, if possible, be present at the coming of age of his eldest son. I was able to fall in with his views and I arrived at Scaythes on the day before that anniversary.

On the night of my arrival I found myself alone. Most of the young people were dancing in the hall.

Several of the men were playing snooker pool. Among these was Carden. I myself do not play either games of skill or games of chance. When I said that Carden was playing snooker pool I was not quite accurate. He was telling a group of Oxford undergraduates a series of legal anecdotes illustrating the acumen of Carden, Q.C. The young fellows were laughing with well-bred courtesy. I knew that stories of that sort could not fail to bore them; over the walnuts and the wine I had related some really amusing episodes of old hospital days which had been quite lost on the young fellows.

Carden, seeing he had missed fire, welcomed my appearance in the billiard-room. With a strange lack of tact in the doing of what was essentially a tactful thing, he said, "Well, Pardoe, you look like a fish out of water. Come and I'll show you the pictures."

I care little for pictures, though I have in my consulting room one of the finest Sidney Coopers that ever came from that master's brush. I got it from an art critic on whom I had operated for ophthalmia; he was suffering also from acute financial embarrassment, and gave it me in place of fee. I have a certain sense of art, and I have never regretted the transaction.

Now, Carden has a considerable knowledge of painting—acquired, no doubt, for the purpose of some specific litigation—and he took pride in criticising the extremely representative collection of portraiture contained in the picture gallery. Scaythes boasted examples of Holbein, Van Dyke, Leys, Raeburn, Romney, Gainsborough, Millais—in fact, of all the painters whose names are household words.

"It is astonishing," said he, "the family made no mistakes. There isn't a bad picture among them and there isn't a bad face."

I take no special interest in portraits. In nine cases out of ten I call them pot-boilers. Landscapes are better. One gets more breadth.

Carden dealt superficially with the careers of the Lords of Moy—for the most part blank, unprofitable lives. Here and there came a hint of scandal, but on the whole they were fizzing squibs. Carden was far more interested in the portraits than the facts which he related about the originals seemed to warrant. He is one of those men who are always intensely interested in any information which they themselves chance to possess. Though the present Lord Moy was the thirteenth earl, about no single one of his predecessors did Carden tell me any detail which could honestly be described as other than dull. True, in the sixteenth century Herbert Rowley, Lord of Scaythes, his mother and an aged priest had conspired against the life of James V. "They had agreed together to take his life," ran the indictment, "either by poison or by witchcraft." The countess was condemned to the flames, and suffered death on Castle Hill. Lord Scaythes was sentenced to be hanged, and his estates were forfeited; but he was respited "until he should obtain his majority." The accuser having confessed that the plot was a fabrication his lordship was released, and restored by Act of Parliament to his honors and estates. By way of compensation for the burning of the young man's mother, and as a mark of confidence in his loyalty, the king granted to him and his heirs the right to stand with drawn sword in the presence of the sovereign. Further, the cautious monarch graciously decreed that, if (contrary to his expectation and desire) the services of the hangman should be unwillingly called into requisition by his lordship or the fruit of his body, the execution should be performed with a silken rope. Having secured for himself and his progeny these practical and convenient privileges, Herbert Rowley had not lived in vain.

The day of his coming of age proved fatal to the young man whom Romney had painted. He had been missed from the festivities which were held with great splendor in May, 1798. The frightened guests found his body in a disused room of the west wing. His hands were torn and bleeding; he had been hammering on a closed door. Among those who discovered him, two men, it is said, faintly—some say at the terrible distortion of the dead boy's face. One, indeed, an

eye-witness, left it on record that "so rank was the smell, as it were, of corruption, or of some noxious wind which blew about the house, that no man could breathe it and live. For very foulness, the smell that I smelt that day was not to be equalled either in Scotland or in those parts of Asia the which I penetrated with my Lord Exmouth, in that it was not so much indeed foul as loathly, and not to be endured of the dwellers in this world."

Anthony Frederick Wynter, Lord of Scaythes, son of the eighth earl—according to his portrait, a lad of parts and promise—met a curious and fearful end. In his twenty-second year madness came upon him, and he walked crab-like through the House of Scaythes. His body was found battered and shapeless on the seashore.

The tenth earl had one son, who, on coming to years of discretion, retired into a monastery and not long after died; the earldom and estates passing to his uncle, the only man of any eminence sprung from his line. He, though only forty-seven, resigned the Chancellorship of Scotland immediately on coming into the title, and retired with his family to the House of Scaythes. Here, having abandoned a career pregnant with possibility, he solaced himself by leading a life of violent and strange debauchery. Many believed that his legal attainments had enabled him to form some species of partnership or working agreement with Satan. In fact, he may be said to have secured running powers over the devil's branch lines.

Suddenly Carden turned to me. "What do you make of it all?" he asked.

"A most interesting gallery—a singularly complete collection—possibly, I should say, unrivalled in Scotland."

"Have you noticed anything—that is, anything particular—about the faces?"

"There is about each of them a certain batrachian suggestion."

"What's that?"

"Now you call my attention to them, I observe that on several of the faces of the Lords of Moy there is a peculiarly

froglike development of the jaw and chin. In that Holbein, for example," I continued, to prove my half-formed theory, "there is a certain peculiar fulness, not to say flatness, about the lower part of the face."

"That is all you notice?" he said, rather testily. "That is your comment on the Lords of Moy, whose portraits have been painted by the best contemporary artists? Is there a single face among the lot that by the ordinary rules of physiognomy isn't the face of a gifted man? Is there one face that you would be surprised to hear had belonged to a man who had risen to eminence, in church or state, in the army or in letters? No," he said thoughtfully, "I am wrong about the church. There isn't an ecclesiast there. In all other fields they would have made their mark. Yet who, except people like yourself, has ever heard of the Lords of Moy? Which of them has made a red blot on the map of the world?"

"True, one countess and her fledgling, with the valuable assistance of a confessor, were accused of conspiracy against the fifth James, but at that period conspiracy was the national sport in Scotland. Even at that, the Scaythes proved hopelessly incompetent. A conspirator who is detected and then pardoned for a conspiracy on which he did not even embark is surely a man who has mistaken his walk in life. What conspirator worthy of his salt embarks on a conspiracy aided and abetted by his mother and an aged priest? The only other person of note is the Chancellor of Scotland. One is astounded that a man who has skill enough to be a Chancellor should be content to be a Chancellor of Scotland. You have the alleged conspirator; you have the actual Chancellor. That exhausts the record of actual accomplishment by the House of Moy. On their walls there is a statement clearly made and strongly drawn, that they were men of shrewd perception is shown by their choice of the men who should paint them. Each painter has proved with caressing care that the subject was worthy of his brush."

"They form a whole gallery of unknown celebrities," he continued, his hand outstretched. "Here is a possible Marlborough. There is a young fellow who might pass for Byron. That face is more convincingly Nelson's than are the real features of the Prince of Thunder. Yet all these men, with their splendid heads and their well-knit frames, have been content to bury themselves in Argyleshire. Are not their figures splendid phantoms of unfulfilled desire? For the emblem of this house there is no better than an empty sarcophagus set in unilluminated ground."

I looked a question at Carden, who seemed strangely moved. After a minute he said, staring hard at me, "To the family chapel there is a small annex, built in the reign of George II. It has never been consecrated, and contains nothing but a huge black marble tomb. There is nothing on it. There is nothing in it. The thing is sheer futility."

As I made no observation, he turned on me with that snappishness which is by some considered breezy. "I suppose," said he, "your professional instincts revolt at the idea of a tomb being unoccupied."

"And you, I presume," said I aptly, "are wondering whether its legitimate tenant—if dead—died without making a will?"

Carden changed the current subject and reverted to the previous one. "Owing to some oversight, the annex—the antechapel—has never been consecrated."

"Why should it be consecrated if it only contains an empty tomb?" Perceiving that he expected an answer I asked him a question. He became engrossed in the pictures again. "It is curious, very curious," I said, holding out, as it were, a conversational olive branch.

Carden was looking attentively at the portrait of a young man by Raeburn. "Wherever you see eyebrows like these, perfectly curved but rather highly arched," he said didactically, "you may bet your practice that they belong to a person of singularly sensitive temperament."

"Jealous man?"

Carden nodded. "If you come across a fellow of that sort it would not be prudent to be other than his friend. No sane man ought to marry a woman with eyebrows like those—unless he loved her very much. And," he added, "any sane man probably would."

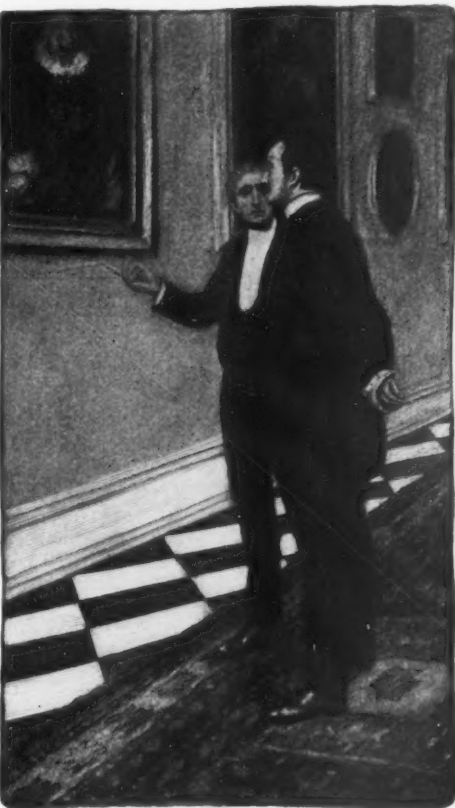
The strange thing about it was that, allowance being made for the difference of treatment by the painters, several of the pictures showed nearly an identical formation of the eyebrows. Carden and I pointed this out to each other.

"In the present earl the marking is even more noticeable," said he. Then he looked at me as though expecting some terse comment.

"I know very little of the family," I answered.

"Except the story that every one knows?"

"Yes—except that."



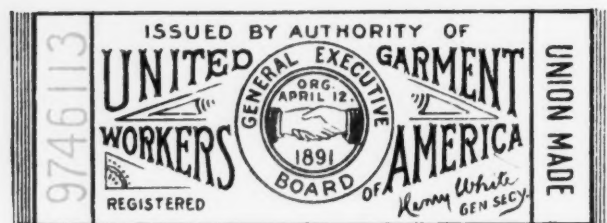
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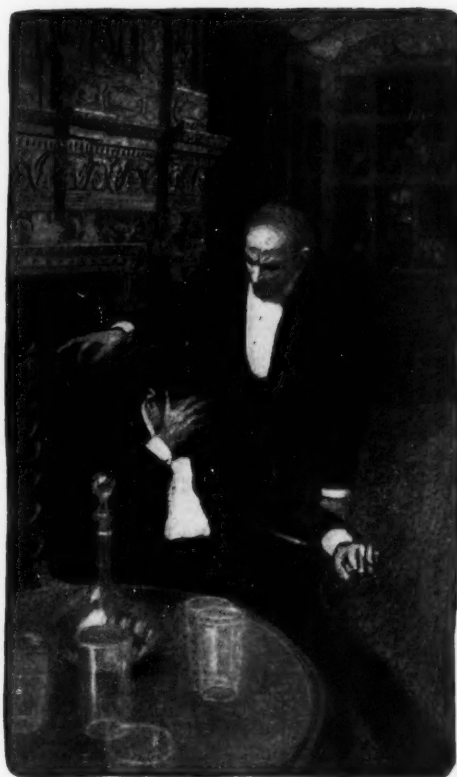
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FATHER AND SON WERE LEFT ALONE

"What version of the story have you heard?"

"I have heard no precise data."

To conceal his disappointment Carden affected a show of geniality. He put his hand on my shoulder. "Look here, old chap," he said, "this thing has puzzled me for thirty years. You know that Moy and I were great friends at Oxford."

I did not know it; but that fact threw some light on why Carden had been invited to the house.

"Now, Pardoe, you are a man who has made a specialty of mental diseases. I want to get at the heart of this thing. It was with that view that I persuaded Moy to ask you for the coming of age. I said that I wanted some old pal of my own; otherwise I, being not so young as I was, should feel rather out of it. Lady Moy likes your deathbedside manner, so Moy asked you at once. Possibly it is force of legal habit, but when I am engaged in a case of any sort I want a junior. Now, you are an older man than I; but it often happens that the best juniors I get are considerably older than I shall be for many years. I want you to be my junior."

As Carden is certainly eminent in his profession, besides being a very old friend of the husband of a very dear patient of mine, I could hardly be offended at what in another man I might have considered impertinent patronage.

"Also," he added, "you may unearth one of the most extraordinary cases of hereditary insanity that medical science has known."

"But there is no suggestion of insanity about Lord Moy!" I interjected.

"As I said, I have known him since I was at Magdalen. He was not the 'cleverest man of his year.' That is a bogus title conferred in after years on people who have failed in life. But Scaythes, as he was then, had the reputation of being one of the cleverest men at Balliol. He was secretary of the Chatham, and as keen on politics as a man may be. A bright future was assured to him beyond peradventure. That future he had set his heart upon, and wouldn't have sacrificed it for the world—or for a woman. I knew his ambitions; I knew his temperament; and I would have staked my soul on his success. Well, with several of his friends, I came up to his coming of age. The function was more boisterous than that sort of thing is nowadays. But among us, all noisy fellows, enjoying to the full the triumphs that the future should bring, moved his father, the old Lord Moy. He was nervous, morbid, dismal—just such a man as my poor friend is now. The thing is being acted again—father and son and—God knows what else. I had heard, everybody had heard, that on the twenty-first birthday of the eldest son of this House of Scaythes the father tells him some hideous secret. Sometimes madness, sometimes suicide, follows the telling of the strange thing. That is the story. There," said Carden, pointing to the pictures, "is the evidence. His white hands were found torn and bleeding in the west wing, while around him was an atmosphere of pestilence and decay. Sorrow and sin had been his heritage. There is the boy that Romney drew, eager and keen as an undrawn sword. Yet madness came upon him, and he walked crablike through the house of Scaythes. Death came to him by the seashore. The Chancellor, again, a man ripe in years and learning, when he inherited the title and the knowledge that came therewith, uprooted

himself from his own circumstances to begin a new life of violent and strange debauchery in the House of Scaythes."

Carden paused for a moment.

"With all of them the day of knowledge is the day of death—death to their souls, to their bodies or to their careers."

"But Lord Moy?"

"My friend suffered perhaps the least, or perhaps it may have been the greatest, of the three. I think, indeed, it was the greatest in his case, for he abandoned everything. He, who might have been Prime Minister, is simply an exile in the House of Scaythes."

"But he gave you no reason—you, his great friend?"

"Nothing."

"And you asked . . . ?"

"Nothing. I was his great friend."

The man was so much in earnest that I felt it my duty to tell him what had reached me through ordinary conversational channels. It was a silly story enough—to the effect that the first child of every Earl of Moy was born monstrously shaped; that the creature was kept secretly in the House of Scaythes, tended only by the father; that when the second child reached his maturity he was told of it, and it was shown to him. Sometimes, so monstrous was its deformity, the boy could not face the horror of co-wardship and went mad or took his life. Some of the heirs, indeed, being men with nerveless frames, had faced the thing, and tended it, and kept it secretly until it died. But by so doing they had wiped their names from the book of life.

"Yes," said the lawyer, "that is the least improbable of the tales they tell. What is against that?"

"Only that it is impossible."

"Is it also impossible that several of the men of the same stock should go mad immediately on coming of age?"

"Everything is impossible until a precedent makes it probable."

"In fact, nothing in medical science ever happens for the first time."

At that moment Lord Scaythes and his father came into the picture gallery. It was late, and the others had gone to bed. As we were on our way to the hall for a whiskey and soda, I asked the young man what walk in life he purposed following.

"Oh, the army," he said with enthusiasm, "none of our people have ever been soldiers. Most of them have buried themselves up here. But I've made up my mind to go into the army." He spoke shortly, in nervous syllables. I intercepted a curious questioning glance from father to son.

"My father," the boy began—then broke off in a whisper. "You know I come of age to-morrow. When any of us come of age the gov'nor gives us good advice or something; and," he laughed, "it isn't always good for us." The words were the words of flippancy, but the tone was the tone of dread. Both father and son seemed to vibrate with the nervous tremor of uncertainty.

Lord Moy, on saying good-night to us, hoped I would be comfortable, and added, "Your room is next to Carden's in the west wing."

He shook my hand heartily with a cold hand. The grip was not the grip of a man who shakes hands with confidence. It was a pressure with the thick part of the thumb. That may mean fortitude; but it proves fear.

"I didn't sleep well last night; those infernal frogs kept me awake," said Carden, with sheer heartiness.

"Infernal what?" cried Moy.

"I've never heard of frogs making a row at night. Have you, gov'nor?"



IT LAY ON THE FLOOR . . . A HUGE MOTTLED MASS



"I WAS IN THE GARDEN . . . I SAW 'IT'"

Moy was pale as death.

"It is like that chorus in Aristophanes going on all the time," said Carden, "but this croaking is so infernally dismal."

"Your room shall be changed to-morrow, Richard. Good night."

We went up to bed. Father and son were left alone.

At three o'clock I woke with a start. Though the night was warm I was shivering. Carden held a candle over my face and watched me intently. My first impression was that I had been taken seriously ill. Carden explained that he had not been able to sleep and had come to see whether I could.

"You don't need to wake a man up to find that out," I said.

He put his candle on a table. Although he had satisfied himself that I could sleep, he showed no signs of leaving. Then I heard the noise of the frogs. Never have I heard so strange a sound. Low and distant though it was, the noise of the croaking vibrated in waves. One followed upon the other, as the waves of the incoming tide lap against the shore.

If I had not been suddenly awakened from sleep, I should not have experienced the sensation of sheer cold fear that came upon me then. It was not fright. It was rather a physical condition.

"The east wind always affects me peculiarly," I explained.

"Do you think it is an east wind?" he asked.

"Sure of it."

"As a matter of fact the wind is from the west—from the west wing." Then he opened the window to prove himself right.

"For Heaven's sake, don't do that! It's fatal to me. Man, have you never had rheumatism?"

He moved quickly from the window.

"Shut it!" I cried.

"Shut it yourself." He covered his face with his hands.

I sprang from my bed and caught hold of the window-handle. Then in a moment I became motionless, rigid from head to foot.

"Do you notice it?" he asked.

I tried to shut the window; but my strength was gone. Stockstill, we stared each at the other.

"Well?"

I drank some brandy out of my flask.

Silently he did the same.

"My God!"

His face was an echo.

Mechanically I repeated, "It was not from the terrible distortion of the dead boy's face that those men fainted."

"What the devil are we doing in all this? Let us go to bed. To-morrow we can leave the place," he said.

I shut the window with a bang. It was as though a shot had been fired into the night. The candle went out. Then the Thing moved.

There came the sound of movement slowly and with labor. In the complete darkness the direction of the walking was vague. But it was not the sound of feet on a floor that struck upon our ears. This was no tread of human feet.

Heavy and regular though the paces were



DRAWN BY A. I. KELLER

WASHINGTON'S LAST

ON FEBRUARY 22, 1799, WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY (HIS LAST) WAS CELEBRATED WITH GREAT
 MARRIAGE DAY OF NELLIE CUSTIS TO LAWRENCE LEWIS, WASHINGTON'S NEPHEW. WASHINGTON
 PLACE IN THE BANQUET HALL IN THE EARLY EVENING. THIS BRILLIANT AFFAIR WAS LO



S LAST BIRTHDAY

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THE HOUSE OF SCAYTHES

the sound of those paces could not be caused by man.

If one might judge from the sound of the heavy falling, the figure was larger than man.

But the Thing went round and round. That there was a man by me I knew; and in that there was some sense of security; but the man never stirred. In the darkness my eyes turned to the place where he should be. That gave me a feeling of confidence. The Thing plopped round and round.

I shuddered at the touch. It was Carden's hand above my elbow. I felt the bones chattering in his fingers.

After a time the movement became slower. Then it ceased.

Something fell softly but heavily. The silence was more terrible than the sounds.

Then came the noise of the drawing of bolts; stealthily afterward the rasp of a turning key. Footsteps paced our way.

"It is coming!" breathed Carden, crouching at my door.

But I knew that it was not so. Through the chink in the door, that was ajar, I saw the face of Lord Moy lighted by the candle that was in his hand. His face was dogged and gray and drawn. The set of his lips was as though they had been graven in rock. The sound of his footsteps died in the distance. I opened the window for air, and fell back fainting with the foulness that I breathed.

The day of the coming of age was celebrated in all festivity and happiness; but Carden and myself took negative parts. He had said no word to me of the things that had happened through the night before. I had learned indirectly that his room had been given to a subaltern in the Seventeenth. Of the dance in the gallery I was but a stolid spectator; gazing always at the face of Anthony Wynter, who walked crablike through the House of Scaythes; hearing the sound of the drawing of bolts and the beating of hands upon an oaken door. To the rhythm of the waltz there came through the rustle and perfume of the dancers only the hideous "Pop, pop" of the Thing that had moved in the night.

She was beautiful and young and fragrant—some relative of Moy's, of its, of Scaythes'. She prattled mysteriously, hurriedly. "Of course you know of the house-party last year. They all arranged to hang out towels at their windows, so that they should find out where it was. In the morning Lord Moy said that his house-party was at an end. Well, I've seen it—some of it." Her great violet eyes were staring with the knowledge. "I was in the garden ten minutes just now. It is moonlight, you know. I saw it. It was moving at the last window in the west wing. It was trying to get out."

"What did you see?"

"I don't know. I saw something. It saw me, and it was trying to get out through the bars. It wanted to get to me."

"What did you see?"

"All the time the frogs were croaking—I was never afraid of frogs before. I don't know what it was. But it was something, and it moved, and it was trying to get at me. It was more horrible than . . ." At that moment Lord Scaythes came up and led her off for a dance.

I went up to my room and sat in a chair by the fire that I had lighted for companionship. The Thing that had walked was silent; but the frogs were croaking furiously.

Then the night became still.

Two men passed my door and went silently to the end room in the wing.

For a little they were together behind locked doors. Then one came back and burst into my room.

"Come at once! You're a doctor! Come, for God's sake!" The man who spoke was Scaythes.

He led me to the end of the passage. We went through an oaken door. He bolted it after us. We were in a room eight feet or so square; in front was another door. With his hand on the latch, Scaythes looked stark at me.

"He's dying. You must do what you can."

We were three men in evening dress. A candle on the table blinked at the moon. Moy, who was motionless, spoke: "His throat is cut. He is bleeding to death. He was trying to get out." It lay on the floor with its back to me, a huge mottled mass with quivering pain running along its nerves.

The bars of the broken window were shining with blood and glass. Outside the croaking was fiercer than before.

Then it seemed that I saw nothing but a black great oak chair with what had been red velvet cushions worn threadbare and violet and slimy.

I felt that there were only two of us in the room now.

"He is bleeding to death," said Moy.

"Do what you can."

"This is not a matter for a medical man.

This is a matter for a vet."

Slowly and with effort the body turned.

Shivers of pain ran through it. The head came round laboriously. The scalp was hairless, brown and yellow. Then it pushed up its face. The face was human from the mouth upward. The eyes were full of anguish and of rage. They burned beneath pencilled eyebrows, which were wonderfully arched. Up and down they moved while the eyes sought their focus.

The Thing had understood!

The eyes met mine.

"Do something, man," said Moy. "Can't you see he's bleeding to death?"

I looked again. From the gashing in its throat oozed the sluggish blood of a toad. From the leaden human mouth came bubbling yellow froth.

Still the eyes were fixed on mine in futile anger and sheer despair.

"Are you in great pain?" asked Moy.

It took no heed—this Thing that understood. It raised itself on its webbed fingers while its yellow legs lay prone along the floor. It raised its body, moving its eyes upward—streaming eyes that were always firmly fixed on me.

Slowly the mass was raised—the floppy, toadlike mass that had a human brain. All the while its eyes sucked mine.

Suddenly the webbed fingers quivered. The arms swayed. The great bulk fell. Then the sluggish blood of the toad flowed and swept away the yellow froth from around the leaden human lips.

The Thing heaved convulsively, and all that was man and toad shivered into stillness.

"Is he dead?"

"Quite dead."

Then at last the frogs ceased croaking.

We were three men in evening dress, standing by the light of a candle at the monstrous form on the floor.

"He was a hundred and twenty years old. It seemed as if he would never die," said Moy, with a sigh that came from his heart.

That night we three buried it in the black marble tomb. . . . So died and was gathered to his fathers Cuthbert Anthony Rowley, twelfth Earl of Moy, whose privilege it was to stand with drawn sword in the presence of his sovereign and about whose shoulders no hangman might place aught but a silken cord.

THE END

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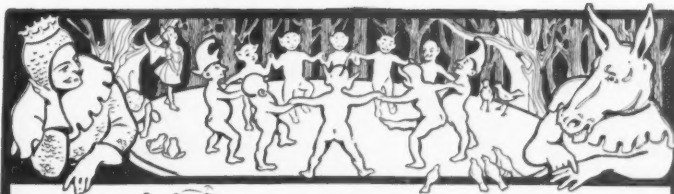
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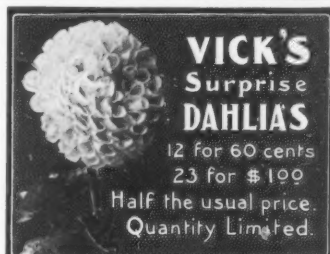
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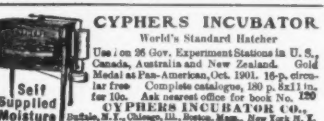
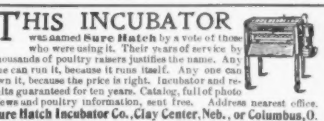
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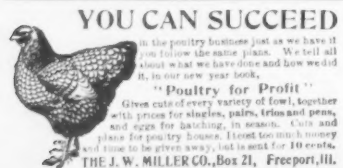
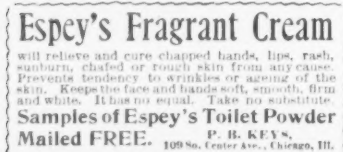


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A NOTABLE CONVENTION



MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT REV. ANNA H. SHAW

IN THE HISTORY of the National American Woman Suffrage Association no more interesting or more successful annual convention has ever been held than this of 1902, recently convened at Washington, D. C.

Since the first meeting of the advocates of "Women's Rights" at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848, the position of woman has radically changed. And the world must admit, though perhaps unwillingly, that almost every step in the advance of womanhood—social, industrial, educational and political—has been brought about by a few progressive men and women who banded themselves under the banner of "Equal Rights."

The thirty-fourth annual convention of the organization which grew out of the efforts of those early workers was held February 12-18 inclusive, at the nation's capital. In connection with this convention an International Suffrage Conference was also held to which fourteen foreign countries sent delegates. The formal opening of the convention took place at 2:30 P. M., February 12, and, after the initial presentation of reports and credentials, greetings were extended to the foreign delegates from the International Council of Women by Mrs. May Wright Sewell, from the Red Cross Society by Clara Barton, from the "Pioneers" by Susan B. Anthony, and from the Association by Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, vice-president. These were responded to in behalf of the foreign guests by Mme. Sofia Friedland of Russia and Mrs. Florence Fenwick Miller of England. The session closed with the address of the president, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, on the "Growth of the Democracy and its logical sequence, woman suffrage."

The second session was called an "Evening with the Pioneers," and Miss Anthony was in the chair. Around her sat her pioneer colleagues in the cause, gathered from every corner of the land. Among them were fourteen octogenarians, all of whom fought for the freedom of the slave as well as for the legal rights of woman. There were Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Isabella Beecher Hooker (sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher), Caroline Hallowell Miller, Rev. Olympia Brown, Rev. Antonette Blackwell (the first female Congregational preacher), Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, Henry B. Blackwell (husband and co-worker of Lucy Stowe), Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and John Hutchinson, the sweet singer of the Abolition songs. It was a list of the illustrious, aged in noble effort—a memorable feature of this thirty-fourth convention.

Each day was programmed with regular morning and afternoon business sessions and evening addresses by, as Mrs. Catt said, "representatives of the college, the professions, the club, and works of philanthropy, who demonstrated that the New Woman is a helpful factor in the world."

February 13 was called "New Woman's Night," and was arranged as follows: Dr. Cora Smith Eaton of Minneapolis, upon "Woman as a Physician"; Mrs. Helen Shaw, Boston, "Woman as a Homekeeper"; Miss Gail Laughlin, New York (the young lawyer who recently prepared a report on Domestic Labor for the United States Industrial Commission); "Woman in the Law"; Mrs. Elizabeth Gilman, Chicago ("Dorothy Dix"); "Woman in Journalism"; Rev. Ida Hultin Bratton, "Woman in Philanthropy"; and Miss Margaret Haley of the Chicago Teachers' Federation, on "How we Gained Equalization of Taxation." Miss Haley is the young woman who not long since revised Chicago's tax lists, forcing the taxation of corporations and increasing the city revenue several million dollars.



FRAULEIN A. STOLLE DELEGATE FROM GERMANY



SENIORITA C. HUDOBRO DELEGATE FROM CHILE



MME. SOFIA FRIEDLAND DELEGATE FROM RUSSIA



MRS. F. F. MILLER DELEGATE FROM ENGLAND

February 14 was "New Man's Night." William Dudley Foulke, United States Civil Service Commissioner, Oswald Garrison Villard, grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, and John S. Crosby of New York represented the "new man" who is willing to travel side by side with the "new woman."

February 15 was an evening with "England and her Colonies." James L. Hughes, Inspector of Public Schools of Toronto, Dr. Emily Gullen of the Woman's Medical College of Toronto, and Dr. Amelia Yeomans of Winnipeg, Manitoba, represented Canada; Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch and Mrs. Florence Fenwick Miller, England; Miss Vida Goldstein of Melbourne, Australia; and Miss Susie Sorabji, India.

The remaining evenings of the week were occupied by the delegates of Norway, Sweden, France, Holland, Germany, and Russia. A word as to the woman who was chiefly instrumental in preparing this large programme and who has undertaken to make practical the principles of the pioneers. To those who know her, "glorious" amply describes her character, her work and her eloquence, and to go into further detail seems unnecessary. Mrs. Catt, however, is one of those keen, alert Western women who knows how to do things and who does them. She was born in Ripon, Wis., but was educated in Iowa. Having graduated from the State Industrial College and passed examinations in law, Mrs. Catt became Superintendent of Schools in Mason City, Ia. In 1884 she married Mr. Leo Chapman, who was then editor of the Mason City "Republican," of which, after their marriage, they became joint editors. At the end of a year they sold the "Republican" and went to San Francisco to seek a more active field of labor, intending to purchase and publish a San Francisco journal. But shortly after their arrival Mr. Chapman died. Mrs. Chapman, however, continued her journalistic work and became one of San Francisco's expert reporters. It was during this time that she became familiar with the hardships and privations of the workingwoman in great cities. She resolved that the rest of her life should be expended in making the workingwoman of the United States respectable and respected and her right to labor unquestioned.

With this purpose she returned to Mason City and went upon the lecture platform, first addressing the Teachers' Institutes of her own State. Her extraordinary ability soon brought her to the notice of the suffragists, and since 1890 she has devoted herself entirely to the suffrage cause. During the five years that Mrs. Catt occupied the office of National Organizer it is said that she travelled fifty thousand miles and spoke in almost every State, raising the annual income of the Association from two thousand to fifteen thousand dollars. She gave her services without salary and almost always paid her own expenses. Two years ago, upon her eightieth birthday, Susan B. Anthony, with the unanimous consent of the Association, handed over to Mrs. Catt's guidance that great organization which she had founded and to which she had given her entire life.

Mrs. Catt is not only a hard student, a logical thinker and an eloquent speaker, but that which the world loves most—an all-around woman. Her friends delight to boast of her housewifely arts, and say that she can cook a dinner and preside at one with equal grace. She is beautiful, dignified, modest and simple—the noblest type of American womanhood.

One may truly say this was an assemblage of notables, and, as Miss Anthony once

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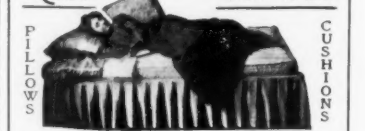


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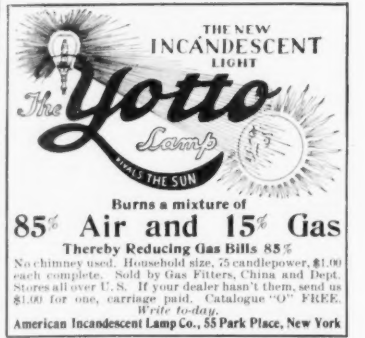
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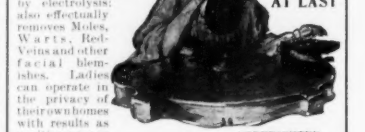


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pitifully remarked, no longer a body of "unmarried and childless females." There were fourteen foreign countries that sent representatives to this First International Conference, all of whom were women who had won success in literature or law, or who had "handles" to their names. Canada presented two successful physicians—Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen of the Women's Medical College, Toronto, and Dr. Amelia Yeomans of Winnipeg, Manitoba. Dr. Gullen is a distinguished daughter of a distinguished mother, Dr. Emily H. Stowe, the first woman who studied and practiced medicine in Canada. Of Dr. Yeomans her biographers say: Capable as a physician, well known as a lecturer, an earnest abolitionist and a thorough suffragist. From Norway there was Gina Krog of Christiania, editor of "Hva Lende" and the woman who won municipal suffrage for the women of her land. Germany sent the daughter of a famous scientist, Fraulein Antonie Stolle of Berlin.

Mme. Friedland of St. Petersburg brought the startling news that even in the realms of that autocrat the Czar the rights of women are being recognized and the slumber of ages disturbed. She gave interesting accounts of the large opportunities offered to women for higher education by the Government University and announced that the right of tax-paying women to exercise the privilege of communal suffrage has already been granted in that supposed land of tyranny. Mme. Friedland was a bright, black-eyed little woman who told her story of Russia in charmingly broken English. She has been known to clubdom since 1894, when she first came to America to visit the World's Columbian Exposition and attended the World's Congress of Women held there at that time. It is through her articles upon the life, education and progress of the Russian woman that she is best known.

The Mother Country also sent two noted daughters—women, well known on the two sides of the Atlantic—Harriet Stanton Blatch and Mrs. Florence Fenwick Miller. The former, as daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, should be, according to the anti-suffragists, a masculine woman of virulent tone, brusque manner and a home-later. The reverse, however, is the reality; and in Mrs. Blatch one finds a woman essentially feminine, of charming personality and distinct elegance, cultured, capable, a happy wife and intelligent mother. Her co-delegate, Mrs. Florence Fenwick Miller, also belongs to a body of notables and is especially remembered from the now famous Congress of Women, where she distinguished herself by her brilliant English correspondence and her ardent support of woman suffrage. Mrs. Miller is a Londoner by birth and education. In her eighteenth year she went to Edinburgh to study medicine, but before the completion of her preparatory courses the college authorities closed the doors to women students. She then returned to London and took her degree at the "Ladies' Medical College." Since 1886 Mrs. Miller has been staff contributor of the "Illustrated London News," editor of the "Woman's Signal," and a lecturer.

Spanish-America was represented by Senorita Carolina Hudobro of Chile, who is now visiting the United States and lecturing upon the social condition of the "Spanish-American Woman." The senorita is a direct descendant of Governor Silas Hopkins of Massachusetts, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and, although a Chilean by birth and sympathies, has inherited some of the strong New England character. For some years she has advocated the cause of the "new woman" and talked for woman suffrage in the midst of the traditions and conservatism of a Spanish civilization. In speaking of her girlhood and early education the senorita relates a pathetic tale of the opposition of her parents to her desire for a broader education. Alone, unencouraged and more often condemned, she obtained all her knowledge through wide reading and first began to write because the oppression of her narrow environment made self-expression of some kind a physical necessity.

It was a body, four hundred strong, of such women as these who assembled at the Thirty-fourth Annual Convention of the W.S.A., who once more presented their plea to the Houses of Congress, who once more received no recognition, and who once more, firm in faith, have scattered to all parts of the world to work individually for the cause.

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Bicycle	259	12,863.63
At Home	1,086	85,361.83
Burns and Scalds	630	32,021.89
Drowning	12	45,302.50
Firearms and Explosions	105	62,005.13
Bites of Animals	92	3,084.59
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Steam Railroads and Steamships	365	46,377.21
In Office and Store	750	29,963.36
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TOTAL	14,540	\$1,032,869.13

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THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LUGA AND STAFF TO CAPTAIN MCINTYRE AND LIEUTENANT CROFT, OCTOBER 29, 1901

SAMAR AND THE SAMARITES

By STEPHEN BONSAI

SAMAR RISES out of the sea clothed in the dark sheen of the tropics a picture of exquisite, ever-changing beauty. It is traversed by deep water-courses and long-lying mountain ranges that cast welcome shade over the sleeping valleys. The island-studded straits by which you approach its little-known shores disclose enchanting vistas and perspectives.

For two hundred years this island was held as a church by the order of the barefoot Franciscan friars. From the last report of this religious corporation, issued in 1897, it appears that forty friars of Spanish blood assisted by native *cirigos* were charged with the spiritual, and indeed in a great measure with the temporal, welfare of the island. The parishes over which these barefooted friars presided were situated almost exclusively along the coast. Here and there there was an inland parish, generally on some navigable river and never more than ten miles from the sea. Now and then it would appear from the annals of the church that a seminary, an offshoot or sowing, was planted in the interior, but invariably it withered or was cut down by the opposition of the stiff-necked sons of the soil. Not but that in a sense the Samarites are a religious people. Hardly a month passes, according to the Franciscan friars, but some teacher, some unfrocked priest from among the native assistants, proclaims himself *dios-dios* (god, double god), and marches out into the interior followed by great masses of people, including not seldom a number of the faithful from the orthodox parishes. *Dios-dios* generally proclaims a pleasing doctrine that has never failed to find favor in every clime and among all peoples. In his New Jerusalem the faithful are to enjoy not only the fruits of the earth without tilling the soil, but carabao steak every day in the year. As a general thing these revivals and bush meetings, in which at times as many as ten thousand people have participated, never outlast the supply of carabao. With starvation threatening, the Samarites have quickly seen the error of their ways. Not seldom have they returned with the head of *dios-dios* to their parish priest and with profuse promises to stray no more.

WORTHLESS MAPS

There are many maps of this strange island of which we hear so much and know so little. They give one a very good idea of it from the American standpoint. I imagine they must be very helpful in Washington; but when you put foot on the Samar strand you find them to be but elaborate works of fiction, and indeed this conviction will be forced upon you sooner unless your craft is guided by one of those weather-beaten Biscayan pilots upon whose local knowledge we are still so dependent in all inter-island navigation, because the coast line of Samar, both on the Pacific and the Sulu sea sides, is dangerously out of drawing to the extent of from five to ten miles.

After all, I do not know but that at present the old-fashioned map that hangs in the library of the Franciscan monastery in Manila is the most illuminating of all. To begin with, it is so unpretentious. The coast line is dotted with little black specks which indicate the places of residence of the missionary priests; but the whole interior of the island is simply a great white blotch here and there traversed by a mountain range or a river drawn with intentional vagueness and apparently ignorant themselves as to which way they shall run. Over the white blotch of the country we are learning to know at such cost is the caption "*Rancherías de los infieles*," which may be roughly translated, "The roving places of the pagans." Day by day during the last eighteen months we have made entries on this map. They generally mark disasters, such places as Gandara, Catubig, Dap-Dap, Catarman, and half a dozen others, where heavy losses if not destruction have overtaken our slender columns.

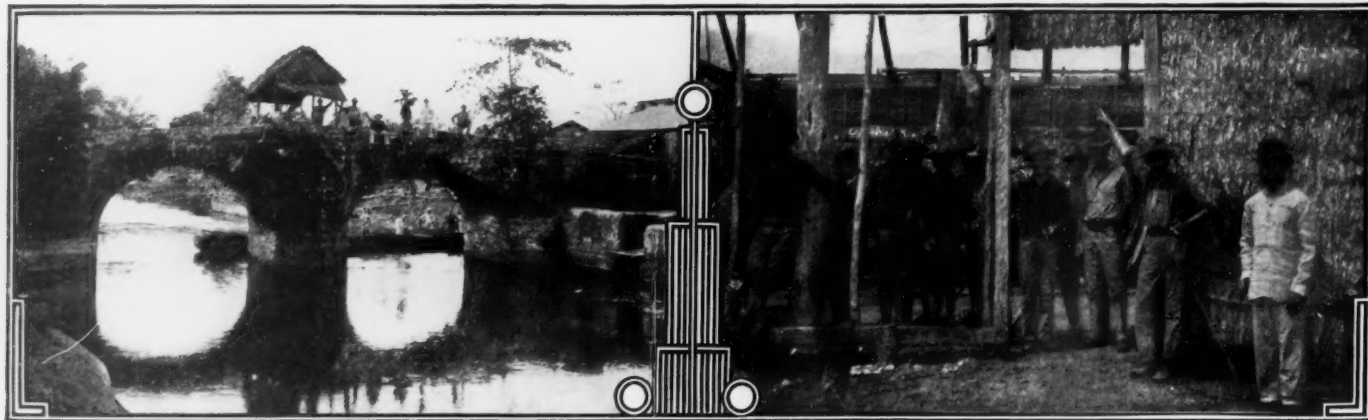
It has only been within the last thirty years that the slightest attempt was made to give the people of Samar any other administration than the patriarchal government which the Church provided along the coast at least. There was no particular dissatisfaction with the Church government. The Franciscans had not acquired here vast estates as some of the other religious corporations had done in other provinces. The new administration was probably organized to make places for half a dozen officials and to clap on a head tax which the priests

apparently did not care to levy. This administration, a mixed military and civil affair, was installed by the Spaniards on a scale so economical as to fill us with surprise. There was a governor and a secretary, a treasurer and an interventor, the man who watches the treasurer. There were collectors for each of the four ports that were open to commerce, and a military force of fifty native soldiers commanded by four Spanish sergeants who were detailed to garrison the ports of Catbalogan, Calbayoc, Guywan, and Barongan on the Pacific.

THE SPANISH SYSTEM

These sergeants, upon whom such responsibility was placed, were given but two specific instructions. These were, first, to cultivate friendly relations with the parish priests, and, secondly, immediately upon arrival to marry a native woman of some influential family and so obtain a local backing as it were. In this way Samar was governed with ease and tranquillity that was, I believe, only interrupted on one occasion when the local forces required reinforcements from Leyte before attempting to put down a band of carabao thieves which had combined with a new religious sect. If we would only bear these facts in mind, if we would only remember how easy it was for the Spaniards to govern Samar with fifty men, if we would never lose sight of how precarious our hold upon the island is to-day, though it be surrounded by our fleets and garrisoned by five thousand men, we would get some idea of the changes that have come over it and the conditions by which we are confronted—all created since the arrival of Lukban, the Tagal chief, whom Aguinaldo sent from Luzon to call upon the natives of Samar to join with their brethren of Luzon in resisting the invaders. Whatever may have been his instructions, Lukban has preached a race war and a religious war, and the result is the present situation.

Before attempting to tell what the Tagal chief has done with this strange people it may be as well to state the few facts ascertainable as to their antecedents and history. In this connection I must state that I am almost entirely indebted for the information obtained to four Franciscan friars



ON THE WATCH FOR CONTRABAND OF WAR

THE STOCKADE AT PAMBOUGAN



LUKBAN, DICTATOR OF SAMAR, AND HIS OFFICERS

who still remain in Manila, reluctant to turn their backs on the field of their life-long labors as have so many of their brethren under the compulsion of existing circumstances, and to Sr. Zuñiga, for many years secretary to the Spanish governor of Samar. While I visited the island and at least a dozen towns on it, my personal and direct communication with the inhabitants was extremely limited. There was generally a cordon of soldiers between me and the people of Samar, and I saw nothing to warrant me in asking for its withdrawal or in attempting a closer acquaintance.

It does not require a reading of the history of these islanders preserved in the archives of the Franciscans to learn that their life has been a struggle for existence. Turning away from the dead records to the living page, you can still hear the keynote of their story as you walk by the moss-covered, vine-grown fortifications of coral rock which crown every headland that stretches out its granite barrier into these summer seas.

Well, within the memory of those still living, the Samarites defended their homes from the Malay marauders by their own almost unaided efforts. In the tall towers of these cottas that dot the coast keen-eyed sentinels stood watch night and day, year in year out, beside the heap of faggots the ashes of whose fires you can still see. Here, throughout the generations that are dead, upon the first sight of the red and black sails of the piratical fleets, the faggots of the watch fires blazed heavenward, and the ready conch shells carried the signal of alarm from headland to headland, from mountain top to inland valley.

LED IN WAR BY A FRIAR

From these indications it is possible to judge with what feeling the sight of strange sails has always inspired the breasts of the islanders. It was no obstacle to the Franciscans because they came barefooted and begging their bread, and the spiritual supremacy, which nominally at least is all they ever enjoyed, was secured even before the possibility of such a thing was dreamed of. Then they showed themselves not only wise in counsel but as great fighters against the hated Moros as their predecessors had been when pitted against the Moors of Andalusia upon the vegas of Granada. Not seldom they personally led the resistance to the pirates, and one at least of their number distinguished himself by fitting out a flotilla before which even the haughty Sultan of Sulu sought safety in flight.

In many of these deserted cottas are to be seen lantacas,

beautifully carved bronze guns, still frowning fiercely out upon the empty waters with a frown that is certainly two centuries old. The weather-beaten inscriptions bear witness to the fact that this gun was a present to the distant parish from some Christian king, that the other came from some bishopric in Spain, where the faithful, relieved from immediate personal anxiety, had contributed their money to carry on the Christian war in this distant corner of the world. Such gifts and such assistance as they indicate strengthened the spiritual supremacy which the Franciscans exercised over the alongshore people and to some extent the wilder inhabitants of the interior.

THE STRATEGIC SITUATION

The situation in Samar cannot be clearly understood without a glance at the map which shows how extremely accessible it is and the impossibility of treating it as a military province apart. Only a few miles of tranquil water separate northern Samar from southern Luzon. On the southwest for a hundred miles a narrow, canal-like strait, which can be traversed in many places by a canoe in less than five minutes, separates it from Leyte. On the southeast coast the great island of Mindanao looms up in plain view. It is to these circumstances that Samar to-day owes its very large percentage of foreign population recruited principally from among outlaws and refugees from the adjacent islands, where the Spaniards maintained a stricter government than in Samar.

These outlaws settled for the most part in the luxuriant valleys of the interior, leading a careless tropical existence upon the fruits of the earth and the fish of the rivers. The arms and ammunition they needed were easily secured by cutting a little hemp and carrying it for sale to one of the open ports. This was their only contact with the Spanish authorities, and it was not absolutely necessary; but when hemp was brought to market the Spanish officials would pounce upon them and exact the payment of a head tax amounting to fifty cents a year. This may not seem very important, but it is, after all, the only data upon which we base our estimate of the population at a quarter of a million souls. The four Franciscan friars, who had lived in different parts of the island, did not feel justified in making any estimate except to say that the above was wholly unreliable.

At the risk of confusing the picture I am endeavoring to draw of the situation in Samar it is but just to say that the Franciscan friars, who had lived in the island as many years as I have days, dissent in a great measure from the opinion

which I held and all Americans have expressed as to the people of the island being utter savages. They admit that no faith or reliance could be placed on the outlaws of the interior or upon the people in and about Balangiga on the south coast—that viper's nest where the little company of the Ninth Infantry was sent with strict orders to do nothing that would show a want of confidence in the friendly intentions of the vipers with whom they were instructed to live on a basis of friendly intercourse—but they stoutly maintain that the people of the coast towns are generally better educated and show better principles than the other islanders of the Visayan group. One thing they all agreed upon: the people of Samar are *very docile*—very docile and easily led. All that has since happened they trace back to the coming of the one man, Lukban, the emissary of the Mololos Government, the present dictator of Samar. All this comes, of course, from an interested source, but I was struck by the sincerity with which the statements were made.

SAMAR'S DICTATOR

Of Lukban until he came upon the revolutionary scene little is known except that his family live in the Camarines and are wealthy, important people in the province, and that probably he has some Chinese blood.

Lukban's career in the Visayas has amply justified the wisdom of Aguinaldo's selection. Certainly no other Tagal has accomplished so much in thwarting our work of pacification as the supreme chief of Samar. It is impossible to account for the present situation without having always present in our minds the fatal delay of a year between the outbreak of hostilities in Luzon and the first attempt on the part of General Otis to take possession of the southern islands. During this interregnum the insurgent leaders were not idle. They seem to have shown all the foresight that was so conspicuously lacking on our part. Each and every one of the southern islands was visited by revolutionary committees supported by armed detachments sent out from the capital of the Malay republic. Despite the assurances that were given at the time, that the thing was impossible, these emissaries seem to have experienced no difficulty in making their way from Luzon to the designated fields of their propaganda.

Strangely enough, once in the Visayan Islands, these agitators do not seem to have had the difficulty in communicating their ideas to the inhabitants which we were assured, upon the high authority of the first Philippines Commission, they would. That babel of tongues, which



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President Schurman pictured so graphically, did not materialize, and we now know that, each speaking his own language, the Tagal and the Visayan can come to a good understanding.

Without a single move on our part to counteract its effect, the Tagal propaganda progressed. Soon the Visayans were also convinced that they would be better off as a part of a confederation of brown men than exploited by the whites. To gauge the measure of Lukban's success we must not lose sight of the fact that down to 1898 the hostility between the Tagals and the Visayans was most pronounced. When a rebellion broke out in Luzon the Spaniards could always count upon Visayan volunteers to suppress it, and vice versa. I do not wish to seem ingenuously in my praise of the Tagal orators, still I must admit that I doubt very much if their perverted talk about the Mahay republic rising out of the Eastern seas would have overcome the hostility of centuries had it not been for our disastrous inactivity. It is a fact that when the propaganda first began in some places the Tagal agents were received with open hostility and in one or two instances they were killed. Even Lukban himself failed in Leyte, and it was only when he crossed the Strait of Samar that fortune smiled upon his efforts.

CONVINCING METHODS

Here, indeed, his propaganda was not exclusively intellectual. It is certain he shot down with American rifles (dating from the Cavite distribution) those who would not listen to reason. He had with him thirty or forty desperate men, all well armed with weapons of a kind that were almost unknown in Samar, the land of the bolo and the dagger, where the guns were bamboo poles that could hardly kill a robin at forty paces.

It is certain that during these days of delay, although a great number of the Samarites were exhibiting the docility of which the Franciscan friars speak and others preparing for the race war which Sr. Zuniga had foreseen, not a few communications reached General Otis in Manila which go to show that at this time considerable bodies of men were well disposed toward American government. Certainly the president and selectmen of Calabuyog and Catbalogan, as well as the Chamber of Commerce in Batangan, wrote to Manila protesting their loyalty and asking

protection from native outlaws and Tagal invaders. These appeals were unheeded, and our failure to act at the proper moment was interpreted in many ways. Some concluded that we were not coming at all, others that we had been defeated in Luzon, as the Tagal agents maintained. In the meantime these people were very active in solidifying their influence by marrying into prominent families—as did Lukban, though he had several wives elsewhere—and by killing such of the natives as opposed Tagal supremacy.

Characteristic of Lukban's campaign of cunning misrepresentation are his proclamations, copies of which I came upon in many Samar towns. As they are exceedingly long, after the Spanish custom, space forbids my reproducing them in extenso and I shall only make a few extracts. They are all issued from the mountains of Samar and bear dates extending from February 14, 1900, to July 12, 1901:

CUNNING PROCLAMATIONS

"Beloved People: The meeting has taken place and, thanks to the God of Battles, we have lost only one patriot killed by the bursting of one of our own guns. On the other hand, our enemies, we calculate, have more than 300 dead, and to the truth of this statement the people of the towns of Calabuyog, Gandara and Matanad will gladly testify.

"Beloved People: Our soldiers to-day find themselves split into small parties and for

the present I have stopped the fight against the enemy, despite the courage of my soldiers, until sufficient food is collected. Do not let this discourage you, for we have resources, since our mountains are full of nutritious bulbs capable of feeding many men for many years of war. In proof thereof I have been maintained until this date as I will be always."

Again Lukban writes:

"Beloved People: Come with me to the mountains. Where you remain you are not safe from rape and robbery or the other dangers of the absorbent policy of the Americans. Never for one moment allow yourselves to forget the destruction of the redskins, who, until the abominable whites came, were the happy lords and masters of a magnificent land as you are now. We have time and again defeated the warlike Spaniards; what have we to fear from these base and cowardly people with their vile and absorbent policy? Should they conquer this country, then great bankers and money-changers will overrun the land, and soon all the rightful masters will be nothing but their bondsmen and slaves. . . .

"Do not fear the more vigorous measures which the Yankees daily threaten. They have done us no harm, nor can they while there are mountains in Samar where we can find safe refuge should they come in overpowering numbers. The day is fast coming, believe me, beloved people, when the once great American people, fatigued and frightened by the arduous task they have taken up inspired by cupidity, will proclaim to the civilized world our independence and our liberty. But if against all present appearance the fortune of war should go against us, then let us die before the chains of slavery and defeat fall upon us with the burden of their shackles."

"Your General,

"LUKBAN."

RECENT FIGHTS

This force of the Forty-third, a few slender companies, was so insufficient for the work to be done that it is not surprising Lukban's people quickly recovered from their first feeling of consternation. From this beginning until now the war in Samar has been fought with varying fortunes. The insurgents have repeatedly met with considerable successes, and after the

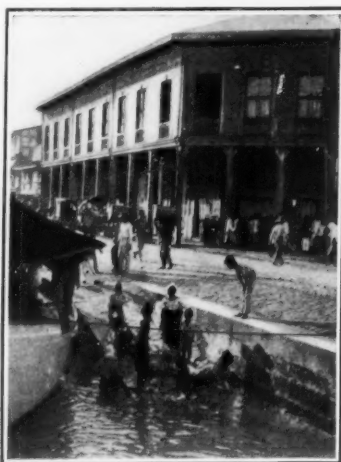
recent fights on the Gandara and at Balangiga, where in both instances our greatly outnumbered detachments were compelled to leave the field in the possession of the enemy, it must be difficult to prove to Lukban that his cause is an utterly hopeless one; and yet this is what the agents of the civil as well as the military administration are forever trying to do. Now, as from the beginning, the active campaign in the field is varied by the dispatch of diplomatic letters. Envoys are sent to the Tagal chief, offering him money and honors. Some of the district commanders, and even General MacArthur,

have made a personal matter of the question, but Lukban has turned a deaf ear to their pleading. The massacre at Balangiga did arouse public opinion for a moment, and to an extent which enabled General Chaffee to fit out the expedition under Smith which I accompanied, and the siege of our garrisons along the Samar coast was relieved if only temporarily. So the military situation may be considered as improved. But when we scan it closely we find we have to be thankful for small favors. It was announced that the relief expedition was to comb the jungles of Samar and hang Lukban on a sour apple tree, or any other old tree. So far as I have been able to ascertain this combing process has not yet begun, though three months have elapsed.

Certainly our operations have not been as uniformly successful as the people in Manila confidently announced they would be.



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Continental Congress of the Daughters of the Revolution

By MRS. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS, President of the Order



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IT HAS BEEN the time-honored custom to hold the annual session of the Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution during the week in which occurs the anniversary of the birth of the Father of his Country. Following this custom, the Eleventh Continental Congress assembled on February 17 in the Grand Opera House at Washington.

This session of the Congress will be one of great interest, as, aside from the routine business, several matters of unusual importance are under consideration. Chief in interest is the report of the committee on reducing the ratio of representation to the Continental Congress. This has been a much-discussed problem. On the one side it is claimed, by those who favor the reduction, that the yearly increasing size of the Congress complicates the transaction of business, that a smaller representation could more wisely devise measures for the good of the organization, and that the ever-increasing numbers must make it harder each year to secure a building to adequately accommodate the delegates and alternates. On the other hand, it is thought by those who oppose the reduction, that by a lesser representation the Society will lose the enthusiasm which comes to those who participate in the stirring events of such a meeting; that the larger representation serves to keep the individual chapters throughout the country in touch with the national organization.

The State regents' reports are always subjects of profound attention. They come from almost every State and Territory, and they represent the ties of affiliation and fellowship in all parts of the Union; they are the invisible threads that hold the State chapters to the national organization. These reports are always an important feature of the Congress. On the third day the report of the Continental Hall committee will be heard and it will be followed by contributions for the erection of the Hall. This will be one of the most enthusiastic events of the session, and it is to be hoped will result in a large and generous subscription.

The Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is the largest body of organized patriotic women in the world. Although it has scarcely passed its first decade it has an individual membership of 37,000 women and 579 fully organized chapters. From the small beginning of four women at the national capital in 1890, representatives of the Society are to be found in every quarter of the globe and

chapters are flourishing in every State of the Union. A fear lest we as a nation forget the deeds of our illustrious patriotic dead led Miss Mary Desha of Kentucky, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., the late Miss Eugenia Washington of Virginia, and Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood of the District of Columbia to found this Society. Their services were recognized by the organization in 1889 when the first three were called the founders, and the last-named the founder with the pen, and all of them presented with handsome badges. This group of four patriotic women began a movement which within a decade has become world-wide in its fame and a mighty factor for the good of our native land.

From its inception the objects of the organization have been to perpetuate the memory of the spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence; to carry out the injunction of Washington in his farewell address, "To promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge"; to cherish, maintain and extend the institutions of American freedom, to foster true patriotism and love of country. In 1895 the Society was incorporated under an Act of Congress. By this act the national headquarters were permanently established at Washington; the Society was authorized to hold real and personal property; to adopt a constitution and seal; it was instructed to report annually to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution concerning its proceedings, which report the secretary was to submit to the Congress of the United States.

But time and space will not permit here a full enumeration of all that the patriotic women of the Daughters of the American Revolution have done; much must remain untold; but throughout the length and breadth of the land are to be found evidences of it. Neglected cemeteries in which rests the dust of the heroic men and women of the Revolutionary period—for our women forebears, through all of the long years of that dreadful contest, showed as great heroism in the awful deprivations which they endured as did their fighting sires and husbands—have been restored and cared for; stones have been raised over unmarked graves; historic spots have been indicated by tablets telling the story of the site. Memorial stones, such as that which designates the first English settlement in Connecticut, have been set up in similar places. Liberty trees, like those in the Golden Gate Park of San Francisco, have been planted in other parts of the country also, while numberless liberty poles, flying the national colors, are seen in every city and hamlet. The Constitution of our country and the Declaration of Independence are too little known by our young people, and, realizing this, the Daughters have attempted to have them engraved on tablets and placed in schoolhouses and other public buildings.

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BIOGRAPH PICTURES AS HISTORICAL RECORDS

THE importance of motion photography in the making of historical records of eminent personages is becoming more and more apparent every day and the future will be rich in such memorabilia of the notable characters of the end of the last century. An American concern (The American Mutoscope and Biograph Co. of New York) has been commissioned by almost all of the ruling houses of Europe to make moving pictures as matters of record. Under these commissions splendid negatives of great lengths of the late Queen Victoria, the present King Edward of England and his sons and grandsons, of Emperor William of Germany, of the Kings of Italy, Austria, Denmark, etc., of the recent Presidents of France, and, most interesting of all, a complete series covering the career of William McKinley as President of the United States, have been made and are now preserved in fireproof vaults where they may always be available to the historian and scholar.

Perhaps the most notable of these moving pictures of great men is the set covering the private life of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., reproductions from which appeared in a recent number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. These pictures were obtained by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Co. at great expense and after diplomatic negotiations covering many months, and are becoming more and more valuable as the life of the venerable Pontiff nears its end. The American Mutoscope and Biograph Co. is the only concern which has been privileged to make motion photographs of Pope Leo.

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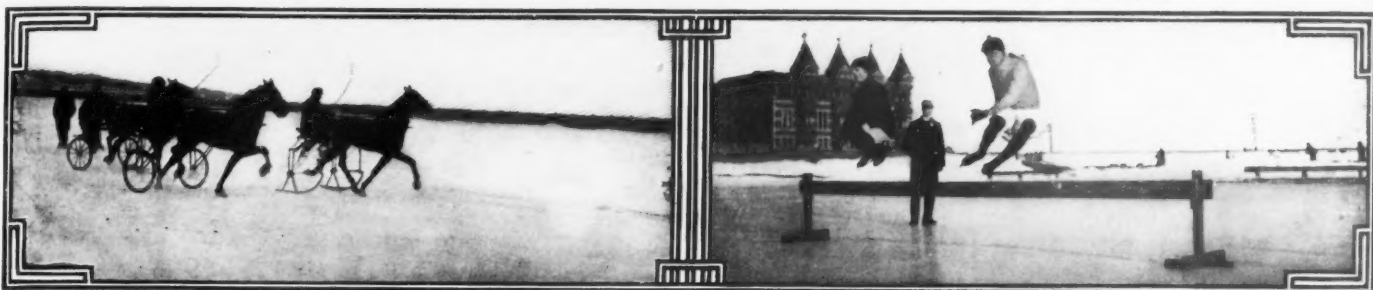
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TROTTERING ON THE ICE

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA

A HURDLE RACE ON SKATES



SPORTS of the AMATEUR

Edited by Walter Camp



HOCKEY CLUB OF N. Y. 10 BROOKLYN SKATING CLUB 0

The game between the Hockey Club of New York and the Brooklyn Skating Club added one more to the defeats of the Brooklyn organization. It was played in the St. Nicholas Rink February 5, and the Hockey Club team scored 5 in the first half and 5 in the second. The game was marked by two accidents which for a time looked serious. In the first half Russell, the Hockey Club forward, got a bad knock which stretched him insensible on the ice, and although he recovered sufficiently to go on, he dropped back from his position at forward to that at cover-point, exchanging with Newbury. M. Lamontagne hurt his knee so badly that it was necessary to replace him by Shaw. De Casanova scored five of the goals, Russell one, Ducette and Phillips two each.

PRINCETON 5 COLUMBIA 1

The meeting of Princeton and Columbia at the St. Nicholas Rink, February 6, in the Intercollegiate League, demonstrated that Princeton has been making considerable improvement since her last appearance in New York. The game was a fierce one, but Princeton practically had things her own way. Columbia made a start at first, and brought the puck up to the Princeton goal, but Princeton's defence soon put it out of danger, and the forwards rushed it down where Poe made a shot at goal which Von Bernuth neatly stopped. A little later, however, Purnell knocked it through from a scrimmage in front of Columbia's goal, thus scoring the first point for Princeton.

As soon as play began Princeton once more rushed the puck up to Columbia's goal, and Von Bernuth had a lively time stopping shot after shot. But it was only a question of time, for, if one side can simply hold the puck within shooting distance of the other's net, and keep trying long enough, they will eventually get the puck past the best goal that ever wore shin guards. Thus eventually Purnell scored again for Princeton. After this the game was a little tamer, and Benedict of Columbia finally got a good pass to Duden, who drove the puck into the Princeton net, thus scoring the only point Columbia made during the evening.

There was some pretty rough work after this, and after Princeton had made her fourth goal, Columbia shot the puck for what was supposed to be a score, but the referee had blown his whistle for offside play, which lost them this second score. Purnell, who played a strong game for Princeton all the way through, succeeded in scoring once more before time was up, thus making the result 5 goals to 1 in favor of Princeton.

CRESCENT 9 YALE 2

The match between the hockey teams of the Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn and Yale University, played in Brooklyn February 7, gave an opportunity of judging the two styles of play as represented by the college organizations and the athletic clubs. The improvement in team work of the latter has been decidedly more marked in the last two years than it has in the case of the former. But the thing that stood out most clearly on Friday night was the very strong defence of the Crescent team. Play as they would during the first half, Yale was unable to solve the proposition and get the ball into the Crescent net. Furthermore, as the college team put more pressure on and sent its attack forward, it opened up its own defence to such an extent that Crescent scored six times, while the collegians were unable to cage the puck once. In the second half Yale took a hint from the Athletic Club players, and drawing her defence back, made it sufficiently difficult for Crescent in turn to open up her back field, and thus, happening at the same time with somewhat improved shooting on the part of the visitors, made matters pretty even in the second half, the collegians scoring twice, while the Crescents scored three times.

There was some roughing, but not of a serious nature, and the Yale seven, though not over-heavy, were pretty solid on their skates and not afraid to take their share.

ST. NICHOLAS 3 N. Y. A. C. 2

In a hockey match characterized by the stiffest kind of aggressive play, at times decidedly verging on what the referee was forced to decide was unnecessary roughness, and in a period of extra play after a tie during the regular period, Belden of St. Nicholas scored the winning point for his side by driving the puck into the net of the New York Athletic Club's goal. During the progress of the match Hornfeck of New York was twice retired for fouls; Mortimer of St. Nicholas and Howard of New York each once. St. Nicholas by excellent team work succeeded in scoring twice in the first half, but in the second half, largely through the determined work of Hornfeck, who can certainly play good hockey, New York tied the score. In the extra ten minutes ordered Belden, securing the puck well out in the field in a scrimmage, simply ran it straight down to the New York goal and slammed it home for the victory.

COLUMBIA INTRODUCES GRADUATE COACHING IN FOOTBALL

Columbia will introduce the graduate coaching system into football next fall with W. R. Morley as head coach. This announcement was made by Captain Weekes in the following statement: "It has been unanimously decided by the officials of the football association to abandon professional coaching and to institute the graduate system. William Raymond Morley will return next fall and assume entire control of the coaching and training in the capacity of head coach for the season of 1902."

Morley is well known in football. He is the best defensive half-back that has played at any university in the last four or five years. Last season, being forced frequently to play at quarter limited his progress in the half-back line, but he is an excellent man in any position behind the line, knows the game thoroughly, and should teach it well.

BOSTON A. A. INDOOR MEET

The sensational feature of the indoor games of the Boston Athletic Association in Mechanics' Hall, February 8, was the defeat of Duffy, the Georgetown sprinter, in the forty-yard dash, by both Scheubert of Harvard and Eaton of Amherst. Scheubert made record time, 4½ seconds, a figure that has been equalled but never beaten, so that the win was no fluke; but Duffy's friends felt that the champion had a measure of hard luck just after the start through being crowded. Jones of the New York Athletic Club took first in the high jump from scratch, with 6 feet ¾ inch, a mark which a handicap of ¾ inches enabled both Blackmer of Williams and Glidden of Harvard to tie. Dartmouth beat Columbia, Amherst beat Williams, and Georgetown beat Holy Cross in the relays.

UNUSUAL WINTER SPORTS

Of all places for the thorough enjoyment of winter, there is none like some of our large Canadian cities. The Canadian utilization of snow and ice for sport of all kinds has spread down into the States, and ice hockey and other winter pastimes which were formerly known only across the border are now part of our own life. But there are plenty of amusements which we have not yet borrowed fully from them, and of which the accompanying photographs graphically tell the tale. There is the winter horse-race, practiced both on runners and on wheels. There is the flat snowshoe race and the hurdle race on skates. Finally, and as any one will tell you who has tried it, the most absorbing, the hurdle race on snowshoes.

INTERNATIONAL POLO

Polo lovers will be glad to find that the international contests will surely take place. It was at first feared that a proposed change, throwing the dates down to the end of June instead of May, would prevent the matches from coming off, but at a meeting of the Hurlingham Club, held on February 5, to consider the American challenge, it was agreed that three games should be played, the first on May 31. The rules will be those of the Hurlingham Club, and Foxhall Keene will make the arrangements with Captain Green.

KNICKERBOCKER 5 COLUMBIA 0

The Columbia Water Polo team gave some good sport to the Knickerbocker Athletic Club's veteran six in the tank of the latter, and although defeated by 5 goals to 0, showed considerable promise. The match was really the best of practice for the Columbia team preparatory to their trip to Chicago for the intercollegiate championships there.

FENCING: YALE 7 FENCERS' CLUB 2

In the fencing match between Yale and the Fencers' Club at the latter's rooms in New York, February 8, K. Spaulding of the Yale team displayed both good form and distinct cleverness, defeating in turn each of the Fencers' Club's representatives, while his club mates, Calmer and Delafeld, assisted him by beating Melvaine and Liney, thus giving Yale the match by a score of 7 to 2. Lieutenant Wood of the United States Navy did by far the best work for the home club, winning two bouts.

PHYSICIANS ON SIDE OF ATHLETES

Statistics published by the London "Mail" seem to score a point in support of the contention that hard training is not deleterious to the health of the athlete. Physicians questioned on the subject divided themselves three to one, and the 75 per cent held that the hard training required of the men who take part in the university boat race does not shorten their lives.

It was pointed out that the carefully prepared diet, the abstemiousness, the painstaking fidelity to systematic training, all contributed to a physical condition capable not only of standing the strain but of improving the general health of the athlete, and one physician remarked: "If these conditions are complied with by aspirants for athletic honors one will hear much less of such stupid theories as that the boat race shortens the lives of the men who row in it."

The reports of this year's convention are not yet ready, but the following gentlemen have been in session at Columbia, and their conclusions ought to receive as widespread publication as possible.

Dr. J. W. Seaver, Yale University; Dr. Watson L. Savage, Columbia University; Dr. Dudley Sargent, Harvard University; Dr. William G. Anderson, Yale University; Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, McGill University; Prof. George Goldie, Princeton University; Dr. Fred. E. Barker, Brown University; Prof. A. Alonzo Stage, University of Chicago; Edward K. Green, University of Rochester; Dr. A. Snow, Johns Hopkins University; Dr. C. F. Linhart, Ohio State University; Dr. James A. Babbitt, Haverford College; George B. Velez, Trinity College; W. A. Lambeth, University of Virginia; Dr. Paul C. Phillips, Amherst College; Lieut. H. J. Koehler, West Point Military Academy; Dr. Walter E. McGee, University of California; Dr. F. N. Whittier, Bowdoin College; Frederick E. Marvel, Wesleyan University; Frank Homer Curtis, University of Texas; Dr. G. W. Banning, Colgate University; Dr. Edward Hitchcock, Amherst College; F. H. Dodge, Rutgers College; Dr. Caspar W. Miller, University of Pennsylvania; William W. Bolster, Bates College; Dr. Charles C. Stroud, Tufts College; J. W. H. Pollard, Union College; C. J. Wehr, Adelbert College.

WALTER CAMP.



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FRANK GOULD'S \$24,000 GROUP OF ST. BERNARDS

Westminster Kennel Club

By WILFRED P. POND

THE GREAT dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, February 18 to 22, is the twenty-sixth of its series, and is undoubtedly the best show ever held—for many reasons! The prizes aggregate about \$12,000, which is twenty per cent increase on last year; there are any number of special prizes of gold and silver medals, cups, etc., and there are fifty-four additional classes, bringing the total to 389 classes in all. This has naturally attracted high-bred dogs from all parts of Europe, as well as those in this country, and the entry list is exceedingly heavy. It is a recognized fact in England that not even the famous Crystal Palace show of the great English Kennel Club surpasses ours at Madison Square Garden for high quality, good benching, and the great pains taken to care for and show the animals to the best advantage. For some time past Americans have been buying the cream of the English prize-winners in all classes where they could be secured, and the result is a show at which the dog lover and the casual visitor will see the best types in the world brought together under one roof.

St. Bernards again have the right of way on the benches, and these magnificent animals attract great attention, especially from the children and the fairer sex.

Close at hand rank the stately mastiffs, the typical large dog of England. In the next division are the thoughtful-looking blood-hounds, magnificent black fellows, with lots of "leather," which means long, pendulous ears, that hang down from the curiously domed skull, so patriarchal in appearance, framing the sad, bloodied-cornered eyes.

The foxhound is esteemed the most perfect of his race in shape, pace, nose and courage, bred for over three hundred years with close care, but really dating back before the thirteenth century.

Possibly the oldest breed of all is the greyhound, now, alas! out of favor, except for coursing the hare in England.

The spaniels of all degree, from the up-standing field spaniel to the tiny Blenheim, came originally from Spain, and in the early days were used for hawking, later becoming the original "setters" or game-hunting dogs, from which the present setter, the most handsome of all dogs, was evolved and which so late as 1814 was called a "spaniel." These are the beautifully flecked Blue Belton and the Laverack, the gorgeous black and tan Gordon, or the affectionate red Irish setter. Perhaps the most remarkable specimen is

the English bulldog, of which John W. Merriam's famous King Lud was for years ranked as the finest ever shown and whose name is blazoned forth in the present show in honor of his prowess.

Not only are the larger dogs in evidence, but the smaller pets will delight the ladies. Here are the curious "sleeve dogs," the tiny Japanese or Chinese pugs which are carried in the flowing sleeves of the Orientals, and which were found in the deserted Palace at Peking by the American soldiers two years ago. Then there are the poodles of all types, all brimful of dog wisdom and fun; some are aristocrats with wonderfully shorn coats, bracelets on their ankles, and even shoes for bad weather, worth so high as \$5,000 each, to run behind a carriage in the Park.

In the varieties are the old tailless English sheepdog, the "plum-pudding" Dalmatian or coach dog, both nearly extinct for all practical purposes. The negro-headed water spaniels, otter hounds, and larger terriers; the elongated dachshunds, Bassets, Bedlington, and Airedales; the slowly vanishing Newfoundland and retrievers; the handsome collie, whose color has changed from black with a little tan to the fashionable sable and white, but which is slowly grading to another change still more handsome—the tri-color.

Among the famous dogs on view are Mrs. S. Jagger's crack English bobtail Robin Adair, winner of fifty-three firsts; also the Irish terriers Moston Sporter and the Airedale Black Rock. The beagle Nekayah of H. D. Peters, the bulldog Fashion of Thomas W. Lawson, the Union Guard of Richard Croker, Jr., and the Millstone of F. F. Dole—all prominent winners abroad. The two noted Blenheims Darnell Donnington and Clevedon Clytie, the bulldogs Duke of St. Martin and Thackeray Soda (cost \$4,000) from the Dreamworld Kennels, Bull terriers from Frank Croker, smooth fox terriers from August Belmont; the magnificent collection of English, Gordon and Irish setters, griffons, bulls, old English sheepdogs, etc., from the Bancroft Kennels; Mrs. J. L. Kernochan with Irish terriers, Mr. J. L. Kernochan with whippets, Mrs. Smith Haddon sends her Borzois, Miss Katherine M. Cameron sends her unusually fine toy bulldogs, Mrs. F. Smythe a crowd of Pomeranians and cocker spaniels, H. T. Peterson sends beagles, also A. Henry Higginson; there will be several full packs of foxhounds,



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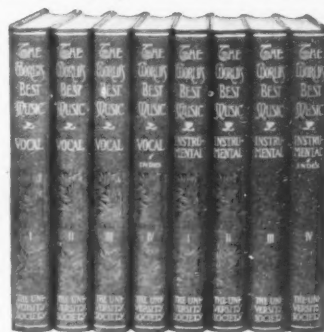
D. F. URBHANS

For years the world has been waiting for someone to discover a system of memory training which might be of actual benefit. Not a theoretical method requiring months or years of hard study, but a simple practical system which accomplishes the most in the least time. It has remained for Mr. D. F. Urbans, a student business man of Fort Wayne, Ind., to bring out such a system. It is so easy that even a child cannot fail to understand. It is so plain and attractive that one can hardly help becoming interested in it, and above all it is so intensely practical that it helps one over the rough rocks of life to success, where without its aid absolute failure would be the result. Let the reader recall his or her own experience: has there ever been a time in your life when you lost money by forgetting a set of figures or a business appointment? Did you ever lose a friend by forgetting a name or face which you most wished to remember? Did your friends ever do you an injury by forgetting you when you

should have been remembered? Did you ever forget anything which, remembered, would have been valuable to you in any way? These are questions worthy of careful thought, and when one stops to consider that a system is now being used which will overcome all these serious obstacles to success what need is there to hesitate? Any bank, business house or minister of the Gospel in Fort Wayne will be glad to tell what they know of Mr. Urbans. His integrity and honesty of purpose is unquestioned. He is prepared to furnish plenty of evidence as to the value of his method among those who have used it, and it does seem that anyone who feels the need of a better memory can not do a wiser thing than to investigate this new system thoroughly, coming as it does from a source entirely trustworthy. Simply send your name and address to Mr. D. F. Urbans, 91 Base Block, Fort Wayne, Indiana, and the full information and particulars will be forwarded to you free by return mail. Readers are requested to write without delay.

74 Slightly Damaged Sets for Collier's Weekly Readers

Upon taking stock recently, we found that we have on hand a few slightly damaged sets of the "World's Best Music." For all practical purposes these sets are as good as new. Here and there a leaf is slightly soiled or a binding a little rubbed, but there are no torn pages. Seventy-four of these remaining sets have been reserved for readers of Collier's Weekly, and we offer them as long as they last at the bare cost of making and handling. The coupon below will bring you a set for examination. You do not buy until you see the books. They are sent to you on approval, and can be returned if not satisfactory. Every lover of music will appreciate this opportunity to obtain the world's greatest collection of music at cost.



Size of Volumes, 9 x 12 inches

Library of the World's Best Music

New Enlarged Edition of 8 Volumes; 4 Vocal, 4 Instrumental

The work contains 300 instrumental selections by the greatest composers; melodious, not too difficult, including popular and operatic melodies, dances, funeral marches, and classic and romantic piano music. There are 350 best old and new songs, duets, trios, and quartets. The volumes are richly illustrated with 400 portraits, many of them being handsome chromatic art plates printed in many colors. The work contains 500 biographies of musicians, and more than 100 new and copyrighted selections by American composers. It is the most complete collection of music in existence.

2,200 Pages of Sheet Music

The volumes are crowded with the best selections for every occasion. There are 2,200 pages of sheet music, which would cost, if purchased one piece at a time, more than \$200.00. The volumes are nearly sheet music size, and are specially bound so as to open flat at the piano and remain open. In number of pages of sheet music, number of biographies, and in number of illustrations, this Musical Library leads all others. In the preparation of the work 20 editors and special contributors have assisted. It has been endorsed by music-loving people in every English-speaking country. 400 composers are represented, including such world-famous names as Paderewski, Balfe, Liszt, Wagner, Mozart, Gounod, Beethoven, De Koven, Strauss, Sullivan, and Handel. There are eight volumes in the set, handsomely bound in half-leather or cloth. Size of volumes, 9 x 12 inches—nearly sheet music size.

Every Home in Which There is a Piano

should possess this splendid Musical Library. As long as the slightly marred sets last they will be sold to Collier's Weekly readers at \$18.00 for sets in half-leather binding, and \$15.00 for cloth binding, and you may pay in small payments of \$1.00 a month. The amount saved by securing one of the remaining sets is shown by the fact that the "World's Best Music" sells regularly for \$48 and \$36, and the price of sets sold on the low-price Club plan are \$25 and \$21. The coupon will bring you a set for examination. We feel confident that you will keep the set after you have examined it and compared it with other collections of music. If, owing to any cause, it is not entirely satisfactory, you may return it to us at our expense. In ordering, it is not necessary to send the coupon if Collier's Weekly is mentioned.

The University Society
78 Fifth Ave.
New York

Please send me on approval, prepaid, a slightly damaged set of "The World's Best Music" (reserved for Collier's Weekly readers) in half-leather. If satisfactory I agree to pay \$1 within 5 days and \$1 per month thereafter for 17 months; if not satisfactory, I agree to return them within 5 days.
Signed _____
Address _____
Col. W. 2-22. In ordering cloth, change 17 mo. to 14 mo.

The University Society

78 Fifth Avenue, New York



Select A Pen

Suitable for your handwriting from a sample card of 12 leading numbers for correspondence, sent postpaid on receipt of 6 cents in stamps.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.

349 Broadway, New York



LIFEBUOY SOAP



YOU WILL SURELY BE INTERESTED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THAT WONDERFUL SOAP WHICH CLEANS AND DISINFECTS AT ONE OPERATION.

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CARTON OF TWO CAKES OF LIFEBUOY SOAP BY MAIL, POSTAGE PAID, ON RECEIPT OF TEN CENTS, IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, SIMPLY MENTION COLLIER'S. COSTS US ALONE FOR POSTAGE THIRTEEN CENTS TO SEND YOU THE SOAP, HENCE YOU RECEIVE THE SOAP FREE.

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VALUABLE BOOKLET OF 24 PAGES FREE FOR THE ASKING.



5 Cents

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

NEW YORK OFFICE: 111 FIFTH AVENUE

5 Cents

Eight Trains Daily for Chicago—NEW YORK CENTRAL

CONVINCING EVIDENCE

From All Over the Country as to the Value of Our Proposition:

"\$10 Secures a \$48 Lot IN GREATER NEW YORK"

GEORGE WASHINGTON, in the famous "Campaign of Long Island," led the Continental army across Brooklyn, encamping upon the plain now known as "Rugby." Little did anyone then dream how densely populated and how immensely valuable that vacant territory would one day become.

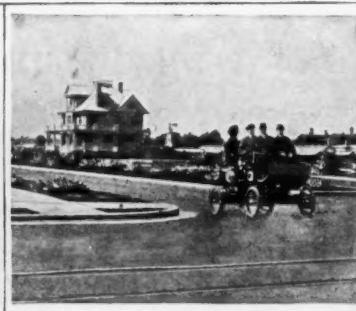
Thousands of the readers of *Collier's Weekly* read with great interest in the issue of January 25th, the remarkable statements regarding New York City's growth and the increase of its property values. The Rev. Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler, Pastor Emeritus of the Lafayette Ave. Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, in his interesting address before the Society of old Brooklynites recently, referred to the time when the Astor House in New York was built, and to the fact that the original John Jacob Astor said that he **bought** property, but did not **sell**. This, as every one knows, is the foundation of the tremendous wealth of the Astor family, and the opportunities for profit in New York real estate are to-day infinitely greater than they were in the early times, as we shall be glad to prove to any enquirer.



A Rugby Residence—Linden Avenue



Business and Residential Blocks, Cor. Flatbush and Linden Avenues, only 3,000 ft. from Rugby



Corner of Utica and Linden Avenues, Showing Six Months' Improvement at Rugby



Residence on E. 46th St., Rugby

A REMARKABLE RECORD

Since our first general advertising appeared last February, we have sold \$600,000 worth of Brooklyn property to people in all parts of the world, from Alaska to Manila, South Africa and Brazil, besides almost \$1,000,000 worth to residents of New York City itself. **Those Who Investigated Added \$200,000 to their Original Purchase.** Of the 700 people increased their holdings to an aggregate of \$200,000; the most marvelous stamp of commendation ever given a commercial house. A letter to us will give you their names, doubtless some in your own locality. We subjoin just a few out of scores of appreciative letters received from Mail Order Customers. Many more will be sent you on application. Any of these writers will doubtless gladly answer your inquiries if you enclose a 2c stamp.

"Doubled My Purchase the Day I Saw Rugby"

WALKER, IOWA, Nov. 20, 1901.
WOOD, HARMON & CO., New York City.
GENTLEMEN—I wish to express my entire confidence in "Rugby." I hold in grateful remembrance the kind treatment I received at your office on my recent visit to New York. Your clerks are ladies and gentlemen indeed.
At your expense I visited Rugby, and I am free to express my conviction that it is destined to become a magnificent residence portion of Brooklyn. I am led to this belief by its relation to Prospect Park, the building enterprises nearby, the easy access to the business parts of New York and Brooklyn, the ideal and uniform surface of the entire site, and the improvements which your firm are making in grading streets and beautifying the property. I doubled my purchase the day I saw Rugby. I observe with great satisfaction your restrictions prohibiting intoxicants and cheap residences. You are at liberty to use this testimonial as you please. Very sincerely yours,
(Rev.) R. M. ACKERMAN, Pastor M. E. Church.

"More Satisfactory than Anticipated"

President's Office, Wisconsin Business College, MANITOWOC, WIS., Nov. 20, 1901.
WOOD, HARMON & CO., New York City.
GENTLEMEN—Gratitude expressed is practical Golden Rule action. As you know I purchased Rugby lots and visited them. I then knew that your advertisement was a plain statement of facts. I found the facts more satisfactory than was anticipated by reading the advertisement. I was more than pleased with the investment.

and take this opportunity to express my gratitude that you made such a business proposition possible. I have invested in several building and loan associations, have insured in a number of different insurance companies, have purchased real estate in different desirable localities, but I consider my investment in Rugby the best investment and the best insurance I have ever made. Thanking you for your courteous treatment and trusting I may see my way clear to make further investments with you at an early date, I am yours truly,
C. F. MOORE.

"Opportunity Exceptionally Good"

Pastor's Study, First Congregational Church, OBERLIN, O., November 27, 1901.
WOOD, HARMON & CO., New York City.
GENTLEMEN—Having availed myself of the opportunity of visiting your property at Rugby, in which I had previously made some investment, I take pleasure in saying that I was pleased and more than pleased with my purchase. So far as it is possible to forecast the future, I should say that investment in such property in Brooklyn on such terms as you offer cannot fail to be profitable. The comparatively limited area open to occupancy, the favorable location of your property within this area, the high character of the improvements already made and contemplated, must surely make this very desirable residence property within a comparatively short time. Terms of purchase could not well be more favorable than those you propose. For persons of moderate means who desire to invest on an investment plan the opportunity seems to me exceptionally good. Very truly yours,
(Rev.) J. W. BRADSHAW.

First Bought 2 Lots, Then 2 More, Then 8 More

Office Supt. of Public Schools, HUNTINGTON, PA., Nov. 16, 1901.
WOOD, HARMON & CO., New York City.
GENTLEMEN—Seeing your advertisement, I was interested sufficiently to make inquiry concerning the reliability of the firm. After investigation along this line to my satisfaction, I visited New York and found that the lots were all the firm represented them to be—most beautiful and healthful as to location and within thirty minutes' ride of City Hall in New York. I at once bought two lots. Returning home, thinking about the lots, after some deliberation I bought two more lots. Having occasion about two months after this to go to New York, I again visited Rugby. But this time I wanted to see the lots and surroundings without an agent, for I feared that with an agent of the firm conditions had been drawn in too glowing colors. But I was charmed with the improvements, and on coming home I invested in eight more lots, making twelve lots in all purchased by me. Wood, Harmon & Co. in my estimation are wholly reliable, and purchasing lots of them is a safe and profitable investment.

You may use this for publication if you consider it of any value, but I have written it simply to express my honest opinion in regard to your work. Sincerely,
KIMBER CLEAVER,
Supt. of Public Schools.

"Clean Business Principles"

ROCKFORD, O., November 26, 1901.
O WHOM IT MAY CONCERN
In Frank Leslie's Magazine of last May I read

Wood, Harmon & Co.'s advertisement of their "Rugby" subdivision in Brooklyn. The proposition seemed a good one, but I had my doubts of the whole scheme. Fortunately a few days later I met an acquaintance from New York and mentioned the subject to him; fortunately again, the gentleman had a business acquaintance with Wood, Harmon & Co., having bought of them a year before nine lots in "Oak Crest." He told me of their responsibility, business methods, and clean business principles, and assured me "the concern was all right and the investment was a good one." I at once forwarded the necessary amount to hold two lots and in June visited New York, the firm sending a man to show me the property and my lots. I was treated nicely, and am well pleased with the investment.

Very respectfully,
W. F. PIXLER.

"Solid City Nearly to Rugby"

Office of L. Williams, Architect and Builder, Real Estate and Insurance Adjuster, BRANTON, O., Nov. 30, 1901.
MESSRS. WOOD, HARMON & CO., New York City.
GENTLEMEN—I would like to say a word regarding my opinion of Rugby. I visited the place in September last and found it all and more than I expected. The distance from New York appeared quite short, with a solid city nearly to the limits of Rugby.
In fact, I thought so well of the place that I had my son buy another lot. The insurance for the lot alone is quite an item in the proposition. Yours truly,
L. WILLIAMS.

A FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK CITY

to those living farther away than Chicago, we will pay that

As a guarantee of good faith, we agree with all persons living East of Chicago to pay you in cash the cost of your railroad fare to New York and return, if you visit our property and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation; or in case you buy, we will credit cost of the fare on your purchase; proportion equal to cost of round-trip Chicago ticket.

Increased from \$450 to \$1,800 on Seeing Rugby

DAYTON, OHIO, Nov. 17, 1901.
WOOD, HARMON & CO., New York City.
GENTLEMEN—Just a few words in praise of Rugby and your business methods. I became interested in your property through the recommendation of a friend who had invested in two lots. His enthusiasm and the extreme fairness of your proposition enthused me. I then knew that your advertisement was a plain statement of facts. I was pleased with the property is evidenced by the fact that I bought \$1,800 worth, just four times as much as I had intended.
I consider this the best and safest investment I know of, for one can buy without noticing the outlay, and at the same time the property is increasing in value at the rate of 30 per cent. per year. I have studied surrounding conditions carefully, and consider Brooklyn the most promising city in the world. You may use my name as reference. Very truly,
DON. C. WESTERFIELD.

"Even More Desirable than Represented"

Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 19, 1901.
WOOD, HARMON & CO., New York City.
GENTLEMEN—I take pleasure in stating that,

after visiting Rugby and making a careful investigation of the standing of Wood, Harmon & Co., I bought, on behalf of my wife, Linden Boulevard lots 5 and 6, block 457, at \$900 each. I had prior to my visit decided to take two lots at \$200 each, and had so instructed you, but, finding the property even more desirable than represented, decided to increase my investment.
I was for many years a resident of Brooklyn, and have witnessed the rapid development of outlying sections there, and I regard Rugby as very desirable. My purchase is the best evidence of my confidence in Rugby and in your firm. I am perfectly satisfied in every way with my purchase, and shall be pleased to answer in detail any inquiries with respect to Rugby. Very truly yours,
FREDERICK L. PITTMAN,
Assistant Examiner.

"Contract Better Than I Expected"

HARRISBURG, PA., Nov. 29, 1901.
WOOD, HARMON & CO., New York City.
GENTLEMEN—Yours of recent date to hand, enclosing contracts for Rugby lots. In looking over the contract I find it to be better in fact than I had expected; restrictions in building make values in property as well as other conditions. I bought a lot last May; in September I visited

New York and after seeing the park-like condition of Rugby the location and the possibilities. I concluded to purchase two lots on Linden Boulevard, as I had sold my first lot at 10 per cent. increase three months after I bought it.
I would say further that a gentleman who was in New York with me at the time took the two adjoining lots, and since then two other parties have purchased three lots through my recommendation. Allow me to thank you for the courteous treatment received and for the credit of railroad fare so generously allowed.
D. H. FOX.

"I Went, I Saw, I Bought"

221 E. Hanover Street, TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 19, 1901.
MESSRS. WOOD, HARMON & CO.:
DEAR SIRS—My experience with Rugby was simple. I went, I saw, I bought. It required no imagination to see that spirit and energy was transforming your property into an oasis—very different from the wastes usually sold as lots. Recent developments but increase my satisfaction with the investment, and as our transactions were conducted so honorably, I take pleasure in placing my endorsement at your direction.
Very truly, F. K. HEAZELTON, D.D.S.

"Doubled My Investment on the Spot"

Office of Dr. P. H. VEACH, Surgeon Vandalia R. R., STAUNTON, IND., Nov. 15, 1901.
WOOD, HARMON & CO., New York City.
GENTLEMEN—While looking through the advertisements in Munsey's Magazine last spring, my attention was attracted by your Rugby advertisement. I read it through and was especially struck by the compelling fairness and sanity of your propositions. I immediately purchased a lot and later another.
I visited the property a month ago. I can truthfully say that I was surprised to find such a beautiful location. I have always taken real estate dealers' statements with several grains of salt, but W. H. & Co. do not overstate the facts regarding Rugby. They are too conservative, I think. I doubled my investment on the spot. New York City must grow. Like other natural processes it will move—is moving—in the direction of least resistance. Rugby is in this line. Nothing less than a land-submerging earthquake can prevent investment here from turning out very profitably, and earthquakes do not render void on Long Island. Respectfully yours,
P. H. VEACH.

REMEMBER OUR OFFER

For \$10 down and \$6 per month until paid for, we sell you a regular New York City lot, full size, subject to the following guarantees from us: If at the expiration of the year 1902 this \$480 lot is not worth \$570—or 20 per cent. increase—based on the price at which our corps of salesmen will then be selling similar lots, we will refund all of the money you have paid us with 6 per cent. interest additional. If you should die at any time before payments have been completed, we will give to your heirs a deed of the lot without further cost. If you should lose employment or be sick you will not forfeit the land.

Isn't this evidence sufficiently convincing to warrant your sending the initial payment of \$10, or at least writing to us for the full details of this marvelous proposition?

In fact, (as lots are selling very fast) we will say this: In order to secure for you the earliest possible advantage of selection, and an immediate share in the increase of values, we agree to return your \$10—cheerfully and without quibbling—if you are not perfectly satisfied upon full investigation later on. Isn't this fair? Sit right down now and mail us \$10. You'll never regret it!

WOOD, HARMON & CO., Dept. "AB2," 256-257 BROADWAY, NEW YORK